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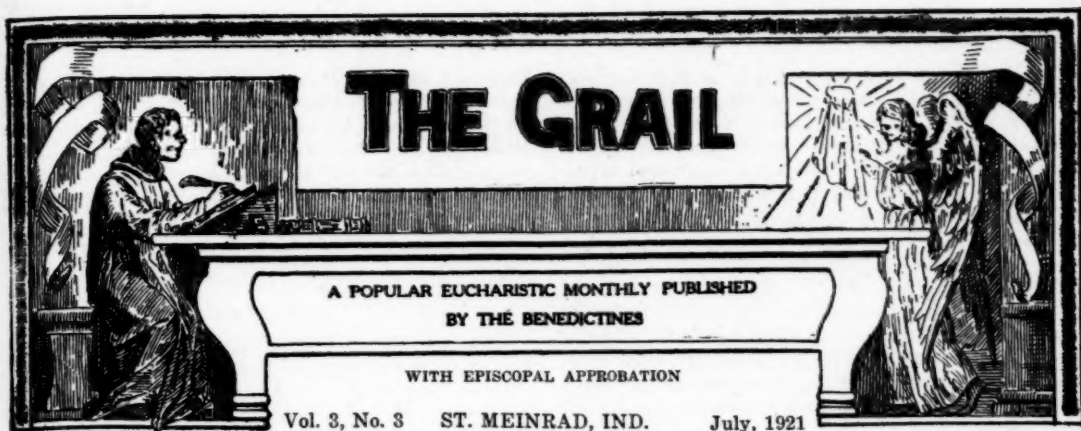
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## THANKSGIVING

An Ohio subscriber wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, St. Anthony, and the Poor Souls for the prevention of threatened pneumonia. Masses and publication were promised.



### Announcement

On several occasions we have called the attention of our readers to the International Eucharistic League under the guidance of the Holy Ghost for the union of Christendom, which was established eight months ago with ecclesiastical approbation. The League is meeting with the hearty approval of all nations. Both clergy and laity in war-torn Europe, who sorely feel the need of unity and harmony, are zealously promoting the new League, which has a threefold purpose: (1) unity and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world, now torn asunder and kept at variance by brother-hate; (2) the return to the true fold of all our separated brethren, which is the only church unity possible; (3) the conversion of all non-Christians, a vast number who are variously estimated at from three-fourths to four-fifths of the entire human race.

The International Eucharistic League is endeavoring to attain its object by a very simple means: (1) by prayer, just a morning offering which in nowise interferes with any other morning offering and which may be made in one's own words and at one's convenience; (2) by an occasional Holy Communion, either once a week (first degree), or once a month (second degree), or three times a year (third degree), and attendance at Mass which the members offer up for the same purpose. Priests who are members make the morning offering and celebrate once a year the Mass *ad tollendum schisma* for the same intention.

For many an agreeable feature of the League is the total absence of regular dues. At enrolment members are expected, though this is not a condition of membership, to give an alms to help defray the expenses of printing, postage, etc. There are no other dues.

In union there is strength. Our readers are cordially invited to join this new crusade of prayer for harmony and unity among all Catholics, for the conversion of all non-Catholics and non-Christians. No new burdens are assumed, nor are new obligations imposed upon those who become members.

All who desire to be enrolled as members of the

International Eucharistic League, which is preeminently a league of earnest prayer, should send in their names, together with the alms that they may wish to give, to the editor of THE GRAIL, Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Ind., who has been appointed by the head office of the League at Vienna director for the United States and THE GRAIL is the official organ of the League for this country. All communications should be addressed to the director.

If religious communities, sodalities, schools, or other bodies wish to enrol as a body, the individual names need not be sent in, only the number of persons.

We shall be glad to appoint as promoters those who, moved by zeal for the salvation of souls, wish to help us propagate the International Eucharistic League.

### New Headings

This number greets you with two new headings from the pen of the Rev. P. Raphael, O. S. B., a noted mural painter, who has charge of the Studio of Christian Art, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H. Although he protests that drawing is not in his line, Father Raphael has consented to make two pen drawings for THE GRAIL. One of these, designed for the "Editor's Page," represents a Benedictine monk at one side of a table writing, while on the opposite side there is an angel holding the Holy Grail; the second drawing, which is intended for the "Children's Corner," represents a boy and a girl each reading from a book, presumably on castles, knights, the Holy Grail, etc., which are thrown on the screen in the rear to visualize them for our readers. We hope that these drawings will add to the appearance, make up, and attractiveness of our little magazine.

### Malta Given Self-government

In May England granted the right of self-government to the Island of Malta. The fullest religious liberty was given to all creeds, although the religion of the Catholic Church, to which most of the Maltese belong, was declared the State religion. The languages shall be English and Italian, but the Maltese tongue may be used in the public schools if desired.

When will Ireland's turn come to gain the coveted freedom for which she is struggling and gasping, as it were, in the throes of death? The unspeakable outrages that her citizens are now enduring at the hands of the Black and Tans pale the so-called atrocities in Belgium, the fictitious horrors and highly magnified barbarities that were exploited through the press of the world to create public sentiment against a powerful enemy.—O Consistency, thou art a jewel!—It is gratifying, however, to note that the people of England are protesting against the brutalities heaped upon the downtrodden and suffering Irish, yet the powers that be do not relent. Dares not the world arise to call a halt to such iniquitous proceedings? Is there no dissenting voice among the nations of the world? Has Justice veiled her eyes?

### Nuns in the Public Schools

In June, 1919, Ele Stansbury, then State Attorney General for Indiana, created no little commotion by handing down an opinion that it was illegal in Indiana for township trustees to "maintain public schools with nuns as teachers, who teach in parochial schools outside of the time they are employed in the public schools." He held, however, that nuns might obtain licenses to teach in the public schools, but that they might not appear in the school rooms garbed as nuns.

Now it happens that there are in Indiana a number of exclusively Catholic communities in which several orders of Sisters, holding teachers' certificates and licensed to teach, are employed as teachers in the public school. Since the parents of children in these communities demand the Sisters, and the township trustees hire them, they are rightly paid out of public funds. But State Attorney General Stansbury's opinion made it unlawful to hire "nuns" as teachers and pay them out of the public treasury. In doing this the State Attorney General discriminated against loyal Catholic citizens.

The elections of last fall brought us a new State Attorney General in the person of the Hon. U. S. Lesh, who, on April 7, 1921, reversed the opinion of his predecessor with respect to the teaching of "nuns" in the public schools. Thus the teaching Sisterhoods are free again to devote themselves as before to their labor of love in forming Uncle Sam's little ones into good and useful American citizens. To reward the Sisters for their unselfish services Uncle Sam will still keep them on the payroll, at least until such time as another cold wave shall blow from some other unfavorable quarter.

The parochial school is a thorn in the side of all bigots, who are instruments in the hands of the evil one in his efforts to crush the Church, if possible. He seems not yet to be aware that she is built on a rock and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Attempts have been made, or are now making, for the compulsory attendance at the state schools of all children in the grades. This is an attempt to close all

parochial schools. If these iniquitous measures ever become laws, every vestige of religion will be torn out by the roots from hearts of our people. The parochial school together with the Church forms a mighty bulwark against the tide of socialism, bolshevism, and all the other destructive "isms." Take away these pillars and the whole fabric will fall. The evil spirit cannot bear to see God's kingdom spread, therefore he makes use of men for the successful carrying out of his diabolical plans.

Nowhere is our Lord more the Shepherd of our souls than in the Blessed Sacrament.

### The Vigil Light

ELIZABETH VOSS

The glowing rose-lamp of this dainty love-light  
Is casting a rose-bloom ray,  
Of early dawn so mellow bright  
That brightens the whole of the day.

Increasing in force when its life is renewed  
With oil; then newly it glows;  
By day and night is ever viewed  
Resembling the heart of the rose.

And glowing so silently, seems to desire  
The love of the Sacred Heart;  
And lifting its light as tinted fire  
The rose-lamp is giving its part.

### A Supplication\*

EDNA POPPE COOPER

Singers in the heavenly choir,  
Hush your voices to a murmur;  
That a whispered supplication,  
From an humble, earth-bound mortal,  
May ascend to realms, eternal.  
Singers in the heavenly choir,  
White-robed angels, sing, but softly.

God of angels, great Jehovah,  
Place your hand of benediction  
On a spirit, bowed and troubled—  
Whisper just two words, "Be patient."  
Lord and Master, only whisper  
Words of peace and consolation.

Singers in the heavenly choir,  
White-robed angels, lift your voices;  
Answered is the supplication  
From an humble, earth-bound mortal;  
All is joy and peace, eternal.  
Singers in the heavenly choir,  
White-robed angels, sound your praises.

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## The Secret of Their Courage

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"CAN you tell me what institution that is up yonder on the hill?" asked the stranger who had taken a seat beside Father Gilbert in the train that was speeding along the valley.

"Oh yes, that is a convent. The wing of the building to your right is an academy where a large number of girls and young ladies are taking the high school course."

"Well, Father, I am a Catholic, too, but I have never been able to figure out just what it is that attracts women to the sisterhoods. For the life of me I don't see how they can lead so retired and monotonous a life. In the seclusion of their convent homes, in the schools, in hospitals, and in other places of drudgery they literally wear themselves out. It is a puzzle to me. Why there was Genevieve Baker, a society leader in our town! A gloom was cast over the whole community when it was announced that she was to enter a monastery of the Poor Clares. That one who moved in the highest circles should bury herself within an enclosure from which she was never to leave seemed most unreasonable to all of us.

"Catherine Denner was another who sacrificed all possible comfort, even the prospect of a happy marriage, to join the Little Sisters of the Poor in their work of looking after the aged poor who must in many respects be cared for like little children. There isn't another task on the face of the earth that is so trying and ungrateful. Of all this she was forewarned but to no avail.

"What hurts me most of all is that this very morning my only daughter almost crushed me when she came to ask me to permit her to go to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. For a moment I was stunned. To think that after I have given her every comfort that money could buy she should want to leave me and give herself up to the rescue of fallen girls, victims of the slums. No! Never! I positively forbade her to ever mention anything of the kind again. I don't know what in the world could attract her to such a life."

"Now, my friend, as you are a Catholic, you

must know that there are different vocations in the Church. To each calling God has attached peculiar graces. Only when viewed in the light of faith can you understand the life of these chosen souls. They labor not for gold but for a crown that will never fade. What the world pronounces difficult does not always appear so to them. If real hardships do obstruct their path, they gloriously triumph over them. For this reason parents must not interfere when God calls their children to the religious state. If He bids them come, parents should cheerfully make the sacrifice. If they stubbornly oppose the divine call, they may ruin their children's career in this life and endanger their salvation in eternity."

"Father, you seem not to comprehend the heartache that the loss of an only daughter causes a loving parent. Grief and possibly ignorance have led me to make these remarks. Can you tell me what moves our daughters even to think of making such sacrifices?"

"Home ties, I fear, are bonds that frustrate many a calling. It is, indeed hard to give up a fond daughter, but God first gave her to her parents and He has a right to demand her back. How much better is it not for a daughter to go to the convent, if she has a vocation, and there devote her whole energy to the service of God, than to remain in the world where her love is divided. How many parents have not had occasion to regret their stubborn opposition to the divine will, for their daughters either married unhappily or were even more unfortunate. But to satisfy your desire to know how they came to make such sacrifices, let an incident that occurred during the recent World War be your answer.

"The Mother Superior of a certain hospital received official notice that an authorized committee would subject the whole institution to a thorough inspection. Little daunted, the Mother calmly awaited their coming. 'I am pleased to have them come,' she said, 'for they will see with their own eyes the misery of our poor

patients. Perhaps they will then give us some support.'

"The members of the group were escorted from room to room, from ward to ward. But they soon 'had enough,' as they themselves expressed it. Many of the patients were victims of the most loathsome diseases and appeared like living sepulchers. The inspectors all but hastened to get away from so much misery. When they had returned to the entrance, one of the visitors ventured to ask: 'Sister, how long have you been here?'

" 'Forty years' was the modest reply.

" 'But where do you get the courage?' inquired another.

" 'From the Blessed Sacrament,' she frankly admitted. 'And let me tell you, Gentlemen, the day on which we shall be deprived of the Holy Eucharist, not one of us will have the spirit to remain in this house.'

" 'What do you say to that?' continued Father Gilbert.

" 'Well, I suppose she knew what she was talking about.'

" 'Indeed she did. The very fact of our Lord's dwelling under one roof with religious is an inspiration to them. Will not a great and rich benefactor often secretly slip a gift to the members of a poor family that occupy the same quarters with him?'

" 'I see the point.'

" 'Again, the daily sacrifice of the Mass, which it is their happy lot to possess, is to them like an electric current. It supplies them with energy for every need and every undertaking and puts a blessing on all their endeavors.'

" 'Yes, every Catholic ought to admit that.'

" 'Then, by Holy Communion which they receive daily, they are spiritually rejuvenated so that they shrink back from no labor or difficulty. They are able to say with St. Paul: 'I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me.'"

" 'I presume they pray a great deal too.'

" 'Of course they do, both publicly and privately. Early in the morning before daybreak—in some instances even in the dead of night—when the world is still resting in the arms of slumber these good religious kneel before their Eucharistic Lord and pour out their prayers

to praise, thank, and propitiate Him and to recommend to Him their own needs as well as those of their relatives, friends, benefactors, sinners, and the rest of their fellow men. It is well that they do, for perhaps those very men who calumniate and persecute them are, in virtue of their prayers, spared by the hand of God already extended to strike the wretches.

" 'I could relate an incident where a devoted sister made the sacrifice of herself to save the soul of her apostate brother, who is even now without the pale of the Church. The ungrateful man still dares to rail at the austerity of the life that she is consuming for his salvation.

" 'From morn till night at various times these prayers are repeated. There is scarcely a moment of the day when not one or the other religious is worshipping the Divine Majesty of the tabernacle. In a number of convents in this country our Lord is perpetually adored by some of the community day and night.'

" 'Well, Father, I am no longer surprised that these religious are called 'strong women.' They certainly abide at the fountain of strength. Perhaps many a young lady would see her path clear before her if she realized this point. This leads me to a question that I am not able to answer. Occasionally we hear of the conversion or dissolution of some non-Catholic religious community that had been established in imitation of our many orders. Would you ascribe their failure to the absence of the real presence in their midst?'

" 'I was just going to relate an incident of this nature. A few years ago a Methodist bishop spent some time at a sanitarium that was conducted by Catholic Sisters. One day he met a Catholic missionary to whom he made known the impressions that he had received in the place. Finally he spoke of attempts that had been made by Protestants to found religious orders.

" 'What,' he asked the missionary, 'is your opinion as to reason of their failure? Was it that they did not mortify themselves sufficiently?'

" 'No,' replied the priest, 'that cannot be the reason.'

" 'Possibly they did not pray enough.'

" 'You are mistaken again.'

"What, then, would you suggest as the cause?"

"You have not the Christ in the Eucharist," answered the priest slowly but emphatically.

"May it be true after all that you have the kernel and we only the hull?" was the bishop's confession in a plaintive tone of voice.

"Yes, the Catholic Orders draw their strength from the divine presence in the Holy Eucharist. That is the source of their courage."

"Well, Father, after thinking over all that you have said, I suppose I had better not discourage my daughter any longer although I cannot bear to think of the separation. I do not want to make her unhappy for life and in eternity. When I get home, I will tell her, even though it make my heart bleed, that she may do as she wishes in the matter. May God give

me strength enough for the trying ordeal."

"Plainview! All out for Plainview!" called the conductor as he peeped into the car. "Plainview!" drawled the brakeman who was coming through the car from the rear.

"This is my station, Father," said the stranger, with a big tear trembling in his eye, as he rose to leave. "I hope it may be my good pleasure to meet you again in the future."

Wrapped in thought for a moment, whilst pondering over the mercies of God, Father Gilbert picked up his breviary to conclude his office before the train should arrive at the next station, where he was to assist at a religious ceremony in which a number of young ladies were to be invested with the livery of St. Benedict. Among the happy candidates was one of his spiritual daughters who, out of gratitude, assumed the name of Sister Mary Gilbert.

## Spiritual Courtesy

M. S. HALLAM

(Concluded)

### EARNESTNESS—DISTRACTIONS

It has been said of some great man that he always reserved one hour every morning for private devotion, during which time no one must disturb him, "For," said he, "were I in audience with the king of England, no one would dare to call me from it; how much less then should I dare permit myself to leave an audience with the King of Kings?"

Now we cannot all of us apply that rule to our own lives; yet we can and should apply the principle underlying it.

When we pray, we are granted an audience with God, and no intrusion of irrelevant affairs should be permitted. For our private devotions we should choose some time when we are reasonably sure to be free from interruption. Here again, we are liable to be guilty of a lack of spiritual good breeding. We intend to pray, to hold converse with God Almighty; some trivial matter attracts our attention—perhaps the postman's knock. We immediately break off short our devotions, turn our back on our Divine Listener, and hurry off to read some looked for message from a 'dear friend' while

our Friend of Friends may await our convenience. He will be there when we are ready to return. Oh yes! He will be waiting; and too often we do not return that day till with eyes burdened with sleepiness and weary body we maybe lounge at the bedside and somehow 'get through' our specific form of night prayers.

Then again, with our rosary! Some of us are most particular to recite the rosary every day; we would not think of missing it!

Who of us does not know the ease with which our thoughts take wing while we recite the rosary? We do not mean to be distracted, of course we know that it would be a sin to be wilfully distracted, and we always bring back our thoughts as soon as we notice they have wandered.

Is there no remedy? Perhaps we think not. It has been said that few, if any, can recite the 'Our Father' without one least distraction. Still we can do a great deal to overcome this tendency. First, then, do we *meditate*?

How often when we say our rosary privately do we stop to think what mysteries to meditate upon? Do we not instead, many times, pick up our beads and beginning at the Credo, go

through our rote of 'Our Fathers' and 'Hail Marys' and 'Glorias' without *once* thinking of *any* mystery? Sometimes we will between the decades *name* the mystery we are supposed to meditate upon, then, having done our duty, proceed to *say* Hail Marys and *think* of 'many things.'

Now it is very true that we can say the Hail Mary and not consciously think of one word of it. We do not see, mentally, God's messenger, the Archangel Gabriel, saluting the Virgin Immaculate, nor do we hear St. Elizabeth paying her tribute of honor to the Mother of God. I believe we do on the whole realize that we petition our Holy Mother to 'pray for us now and in the hour of our death'—there is an element of self in that that commends its notice to us. I once read of an old colored woman who after saying the rosary would say the first half of the Hail Mary over again on every bead in honor of our Blessed Mother; some of us might do well to follow her example at least in spirit—but I am digressing. To return, we should try to visualize the one to whom our petition is addressed. Some people can close their eyes and have a mental picture of Our Lady in whichever one of her glorious prerogatives most appeals to their devotion. "To some she is as the Queen of Heaven, to others, as she appeared to Bernadette at Lourdes. To some as the Sorrowful Mother, to others as the Madonna as pictured by one or other of the many famous artists. To some, even as she was a little child at her mother's side. If we cannot do that we can at least have before us a statue or holy picture that will aid in keeping our thoughts from straying.

But besides this realization of the 'Hail Mary,' etc., let your thoughts dwell earnestly on the mysteries of the rosary. It is not for me to tell you the best way to meditate, even were I competent; I only wish to suggest that we can to a great extent avoid the discourtesy we unintentionally show to our dear Lady by a careless and mechanical recitation of her particular devotion 'the Rosary.'

Remember, too, that as we may be discourteous to our Lady by carelessness in devotion, so much more great is the discourtesy to Almighty

God by lack of earnestness and reverence in our prayers.

#### CREDIT—DEBIT

There is another way in which we show discourtesy to Almighty God, and that is by being indifferent to or even refusing the gifts He offers us. I am not now referring to our use of the Sacraments or our responses to the many inspirations of grace He offers us, but to our use of the spiritual bank account in which He has placed at our disposal an unlimited credit.

We, both in ourselves and our first parents, have contracted a great debt with Almighty God. That debt we could in no manner discharge ourselves; so God the Father gave to us His Son wherewith to pay Him. On Calvary the Great Ransom was offered and accepted. But not there alone; every day upon the altar the Divine Son is offered to His Divine Father for our debt; and we are often too lacking in spiritual good manners even to be present, let alone to give thanks. Think of that a few moments, your own thoughts will suggest more to you than I could.

But that is a debt that you or I cannot pay for ourselves. Yet there are others we contract that we *must* pay ourselves, either in this world or the next. Now God in His mercy, knowing what we cannot realize, the searching justice of purgatory, places to our credit the means of paying this debt we owe to Him, either in part or wholly in this present life. This is by means of Indulgences. To refuse to benefit by the means God gives us is not only defrauding Him for as long as possible of the dues we owe Him, but it is casting in His face His bounty.

Should we not eagerly, by every possible means, avail ourselves of this spiritual credit wherewith to render to God as much as possible of what we owe Him? Do we realize that, when we gain an indulgence for a soul in purgatory, we not only alleviate the sufferings of that soul,—or even in the mercy of God release that soul from prison, but we pay to God the debt that is owing to Him by that soul? Do we realize that God Himself deigns to accept

(Continued on page 93)



## Ireland's Struggle for Freedom

MARY E. SULLIVAN

Excerpt from speech delivered by Donal O'Callaghan, Lord Mayor of Cork, Ireland, at the Chicago National Convention of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic, Apr. 18, 1921.

**"PROPAGANDA**, my friends, is a very powerful agency. There isn't on earth, there never has been, a country or a power which has reduced propaganda to a science, and used it continually with such absolute and striking effect as the British Empire. Everywhere, all over the earth, British propaganda is to be met with. Whether it be regarding the Irish nation, whether it be with the East Indians, with the Egyptians, or the Africans, it is equally ubiquitous, equally powerful and unfriendly, equally effective.

"One of the great arguments spread today through the agency of British propaganda against the continued prosecution of the fight for Irish freedom is this:— 'Why, after all, is it necessary to continue the fight in Ireland, to continue the bloodshed in Ireland, to continue the suffering in Ireland? Is it necessary, after all, to insist on absolute freedom for Ireland? Why not make a compromise? Why not accept one of the many offers that England from time to time makes or pretends to make?' And the only apparent purpose of the propagandist advancing that argument is a desire to see peace restored to Ireland.

"In all the seven hundred and fifty years during which Ireland has been fighting against and under the heel of the British oppressor, if there is one lesson more than another clearly set forth, it is the lesson that only with absolute freedom will peace, or can peace ever come to Ireland.

"Let us look, for a moment, at the history of Ireland since the start of British connection in Ireland. You will find recorded efforts to throw off by armed force the yoke of England. Unfortunately and invariably, these efforts were crushed by the superior force and might of the British Empire. These efforts left the people, for the time being, crushed and apparently broken; and with the crushing of these fights for freedom, England has invariably invoked the aid of economic stress. Invariably the people have found themselves at the end of one of these fights not only with the actual fight, for the moment lost, but with either increasing want, or, in many instances, absolute

starvation in their midst. Then Ireland again attempts to expel the invader. Sometimes it has taken a generation, sometimes two, and rarely three, and, having had time to recover, invariably the day has come when again Ireland has drawn the sword and again sought to expel the invader. The struggle has been going on for seven and a half centuries.

"Assume for a moment that Britain with all her might and force which she is using with such unrestrained barbarity in Ireland today, assume for a moment that she were again to succeed; that the present movement in Ireland were doomed to go down under the terrible might of England, or assume, on the other hand, that the people of Ireland accepted the advice which has so often been given them; assume that they waived their absolute right to freedom, said to England that they would accept something else than absolute freedom, what would happen? There is the clear teaching of seven and a half centuries of Irish history to prove that while Ireland appeared to be at peace; while all appeared to be over with the Irish struggle, already under the surface, would there be Irishmen earnestly plotting and preparing for the next effort to throw off the yoke of England.

"If there is one lesson to be learned, as I have said, from all the history of those centuries of English domination it is the lesson that only with absolute freedom can there come lasting peace for Ireland, or can there come an end to the agitation and unrest which, as a result of the enslavement of Ireland, will, to a large extent, continue to pervade the rest of the world.

"In Ireland today a terrible, unequal war is being waged. The Irish people, in an absolutely peaceable and constitutional fashion, registered their desire and their determination to be free, and registered their decision as to the form of government under which they, as a nation, wished and sought to live. They went further and, having declared the form of government under which they wished to live, they again peaceably and constitutionally elected men to see to it that that form of government was put in force in their country. The sons whom she selected to carry on that work set up their machinery of government all over Ireland, and if there is war in Ireland today, the people of Ireland are not responsible for it.

"At a time when practically every nation on earth was declaring its adherence to the prin-

ciple that every land has a right to self-determination, that they were prepared and determined to fight and bleed and die for that principle, that hypocritical power, England, having told the world that it was at war to secure the principle of self-determination, scattered its armed troops all over the fair face of Ireland and immediately set about to crush in blood the determination of the Irish people to be free.

"When the Irish people had accepted the principle of self-determination and constitutionally through the ballot box, on their adult suffrage, declared their intention to be free, the men selected by them met, on the mandate of the people of Ireland to declare the independence of their country and to set up the machinery of government under which they desired to live, the reign of terrorism in Ireland began. Then England deliberately set about to prevent the achievement of their purpose.

"When England found that not only was there a republican machinery functioning efficiently in Ireland, but that simultaneously and inevitably her own machinery of government was crumbling in every department, that her courts were deserted because the people were bringing their cases and troubles into republican courts, where they received justice, that the people were refusing any longer to pay taxes to the British Empire and were voluntarily giving their means to the republican government to enable it to function, England put forth a determined effort to crush the republican administration. This effort has been growing in intensity every day.

"I remember the day of the trial in Cork of Lord Mayor MacSwiney, and I think it typifies the extent to which the devotion to an ideal can and will triumph over brute force. Picture, if you will, a small gloomy room in the military barracks of Cork, three of England's military officers, in all the glory of their uniforms, seated as judges behind a table; in front of them just one man, apparently a weak man; on either side an armed guard; nine or ten of this man's friends, including his wife and sisters, and around the room nine or ten of England's troopers.

"When asked to plead, the accused man pointed out to the judges that he was the chief magistrate of Cork by vote of the people of Cork, and that for them, who were intruders in his city, to seek to try him, was not only an indignity but an impertinence, and that if they persisted in their mock trial they ought to be prepared to pay the penalty.

"One might imagine the whole thing ending there, just one more weak man being broken; and yet, by his devotion to his ideal, by his

readiness to suffer even death under the most terrible and trying conditions, by his willingness to sacrifice all that can make life dear to any man, he brought about that result whereby searchlights, as it were, from the ends of the earth turned and centered on that scene, and resulted in the triumph, not of the nation which appeared there in force, not in the triumph of the nation which had its implements of destruction and of war, but in the triumph of the apparently weak and seemingly beaten and solitary man.

"Following up her murders England has seized all over Ireland the men charged with the administration of the republican government; she has hunted and chased them. Twenty men selected by the free will and popular vote have been thrown into British prisons. The fact that there are not more there, that there are still more of them at large taking care of the destiny of the country, is not due to the clemency of England or to the want of a desire on the part of England to do the job thoroughly; it is due merely to the fact that by their vigilance these patriots have succeeded in evading arrest.

"Administration in Ireland was carried on largely by means of a grant which came through the British Exchequer. This was a small refund of the huge taxation which England year after year squeezed out of Ireland. For fear her plan of shooting, killing, and arresting the local administrators might by any chance miscarry, England decided to cut off the source of supply. England feels, I presume, doubly sure that when she takes the men charged with administration, and, at the same time, cuts off the money by which administration is carried on, there will come a crash in the republican government in Ireland; that the affairs of local councils will run from bad to worse until they end in bankruptcy.

"Then England would have her propagandists busy. Then your press here in America would have large headings telling the people of America: 'Here is what Republicanism meant for Ireland! Here is what the people of Ireland have got by their adherence to the cause of Republicanism!' Their affairs are in chaos; their local affairs are in bankruptcy. Never a word would appear of the manner in which England had made that result inevitable.

"There is also the military fight in Ireland. Carrying out her campaign of terrorism and oppression, England has loaded her troops into Ireland. Not a town, hamlet, or village but has its quota of English soldiers with all the resources, all the implements of destruction that an empire such as the British can supply them

with. Opposed to them and their desire to crush and kill the spirit in them, is the republican army of Ireland. Think for a moment, of the terrible odds in that war.

"A short time since, I think, the Senate of your country decided the size of the standing army which it would be necessary to maintain in America to defend your country, your extensive country with its more than one hundred million population, with all the international possibilities incident to a nation such as yours.

"In Ireland, which is not as large as the state of New York, having a population of only four and a half millions, England maintains well over a hundred thousand troops an army almost the size of that army which your government thinks sufficient to protect your entire country, your entire population, your trade and general interests. There are a hundred thousand soldiers, fully equipped, absolutely unrestrained, with every official encouragement to proceed from barbarity to barbarity.

"Can you picture, under existing circumstances, the difficulties of the republican army in Ireland,—the difficulties of securing arms and ammunition, of maintaining organization, of equipping, of keeping communication and discipline? And yet, to date, despite all odds, the Republican Army of Ireland has been able to give back not only as good as it gets from England, but a little better.

"Occasionally the republican army suffers losses. I think it was only yesterday that I read of an engagement where there were eighteen casualties on the republican side, as well as a number wounded. These numbers look small when one thinks of the huge numbers mentioned in connection with the recent world war, but the perspective from which to gauge it is this: eighteen republican soldiers killed and six wounded means one bright little countryside, so far as young men are concerned, depopulated.

"Ireland does not grumble at that. Ireland does not whine when her sons fall in the fight for freedom, but when, on the other hand with all in their favor, with all the advantages on their side, a section of the British army is met and beaten, they are not soldiers enough to admit they are beaten, but immediately raise the cry of murder. I would like the people of America when they read of murders being perpetrated in Ireland, to remember that is the official description of the losses suffered in a fair, though unequal, fight by the Imperial British army in Ireland.

"Ireland grumbles and protests when the great army of England turns its guns and implements of destruction against the women and

children, the homes and factories of Ireland. Ireland protests to the world against England's effort to enforce by starvation and by cruelty what she has failed to secure in the field.

"England's only hope today of retaining her bloodstained grip on Ireland is by repression, by terrorism. She is creating or attempting to create such a state of suffering, such a state of want in Ireland, as to cause the people in their agony to cry out: 'We have enough of this! We cannot keep on suffering any more! We must accept some settlement from England!'

"That is the British policy today. That explains the deliberate burning down of the homes of the poor people. In Cork the British army deliberately bombed homes after giving official notice and strict injunction that the owners were to remove valuables only and not furniture. No furniture! This order lest the unfortunate people should build homes elsewhere!

"England sends her troops all over the countryside to burn down farmer's houses, out-houses, and crops. She sends her armored cars along the country roads, firing indiscriminately at any men working in the fields. In some places in the country no man will work in a field in view of the road, for there is no safety for his life. There is not only at the moment actual want in many countryside in Ireland, but every indication that there will be, in the coming year, still greater want, owing to the great lack of tillage because the farmer has no security of life or property.

"England invariably picks out as first to be destroyed whatever locally gives employment to the people. In country districts, usually, it was the creameries. These creameries were dotted all over Ireland and were a constant tribute to the independence and to the initiative of the Irish farmer; but all over Ireland now, to the number of sixty or thereabouts, these creameries lie in ruins. Picture the effect on a sparsely populated countryside of the loss of the local creamery!

"In towns, the first place attacked is the local factory. In a town in the County of Cork there was a hosiery factory on which the town practically lived. The factory there was the first place to be leveled to the earth. The destruction of the factory meant the starvation of the town. In cities like Cork, large department stores, which mainly provide employment for the citizens, were burned down. In one night in the city of Cork, its City Hall, its other municipal buildings, its library, and large stores covering three and four acres, its largest warehouses, were burned. The same infernal



and cowardly policy is executed all over the country, creating want; creating, if possible, hunger; creating unemployment; causing misery; forcing these people, who will not give up the fight, to yield, because of economic pressure.

"For months previous to this burning of Cork the ruffianism of England's soldiery had been increasing. It was a regular occurrence for these men dressed in the garb of authority, fully armed, with revolvers drawn, to stroll along the streets in broad daylight, to hold up the citizens and to search them, to deliberately rob them. They varied their program by taking over the cab stands in St. Patrick Street, taking the whips from the jarveys and actually whipping the citizens along the footpaths in their own city. Night after night the streets were traversed by armored cars. Night after night the citizens lay awake listening to those cars rumbling through their streets. Occasionally shots were fired in sheer blackguardism to terrify the people.

"Tonight over two thousand young men of Ireland are lying in internment camps. They have been there for months and are liable to remain there for years without charge or trial. Thousands of other young Irishmen are now in British jails, and other thousands are neither in internment camps nor in jails simply because they have been vigilant and active enough to evade arrest. These men are along the hillsides in Ireland, maintaining their army by leaving their homes and taking to the hills, ever on the lookout for the prowling detachments of England's army seeking to round them up. These patriots are ever on the move, ever evading arrest so that there may be a sufficient number of young men in Ireland to carry on the fight.

"Remember that each of these youths represents a home somewhere in Ireland, a home in which there are hearts ever turned toward him, ever throbbing with anxiety, never knowing when their particular prisoner or refugee is to be murdered.

"Ireland is one of the oldest nations; she is a nation with all the distinctive marks of nationhood. Her people have their own characteristics, their own mental trend, their own spiritual outlooks. No peace conference needs to mark out the boundaries of Ireland. She has her own natural borders.

"At present, Ireland finds in her stock-taking that she has two things on which to rely. First of all, her people are united as they never were before; secondly, the people are *determined*, as they rarely, if ever, were before. The determination of the people has

become solidified and intensified to the end that they will end forever the power of England to outrage their country.

"England would have you believe that this is a religious war, despite the fact that all through the years the most prominent of the leaders of republicanism in Ireland, the most prominent in nearly all the armed efforts to oust the invader were Protestants. So today among the best and most consistent workers are non-Catholics. I have worked with them for years on the various executives. To state that religion has a part in the struggle for freedom in Ireland is to express one of the many specious lies of British propaganda.

"I hope my friends, that you will not fail to join this organization for the recognition of the Irish Republic. If the sympathy existing in the people of your great country can be harnessed and welded together with wisdom and with effect, America will vindicate its noblest traditions; America will redeem the pledges published to the world in the late war. Then, I hope, the flag of your Republic and the flag of our Republic, representing two peoples of close connection with similar ideals of liberty and human rights, will fly together in the sunshine of freedom."

## A Mother of Old

A. G. CHILDS

Good mothers of the olden days,  
Aglow with faith and love,  
Your babes you gratefully received  
As gifts from God above.

You taught their stainless infant lips  
To lisp the name of God,  
And guided their unsteady steps  
On ways that saints have trod.

The peaceful sanctum of your home  
Was hallowed by your prayer  
That God might guard these tender plants  
Entrusted to your care.

Ah, such wast thou, dear Mother Ann,\*  
Whom Grandma we may call,  
Since thou to Mary gavest birth,  
The Mother of us all.

O teach us as thou didst thy child  
The things that we must love  
If we would meet thee face to face  
In our true home above.

\* Feast on July 26.



## Spooks in Shadyville

A. TREVONO

(Concluded)

With this issue of THE GRAIL we come to the end of Mr. Trevono's interesting account of his personal experience with the Shadyville Spooks. But if we now view with no less admiration the firm stand we see him taking against the "spirits" when they begin to follow him about and disturb him in his work and rest, the good sense he shows, when, to the urgings of Dr. Gregson that he himself possesses mediumistic talent, he answers that "he has no ambition along that line." How many a man has yielded to the fascination of the mysterious coupled with flattering hopes of becoming famed, maybe rich, as a medium. May we all conclude with him that "the sensible thing is to let it alone." One is reminded of Ruskin's statement: "Having learned through Spiritualism that there is another life, I have no further use for it." Not that we would approve of spiritism as a basis for belief in a future life,—the word of God is the foundation of our belief therein,—nor can we concede that the truly Christian writer just quoted would have his words so interpreted, but we wish to stress the common sense of letting it alone, of "having no use for it." Knowing, as we do, that thousands pass from Spiritism to the insane asylum, hundreds are hurried thereby to the wreck of their physical health and untimely to their grave, which in some cases opens to their own destroying hand; that the jargon of the spirit chatter is usually productive of excellent nonsense, gibberish that is absurd and contradictory of itself save in this alone that against the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ universal and vehement unity is maintained; that the heaven "spirits" pretend to describe is repulsive to the Christian hope for eternal rest and joys of which the human heart has never conceived, can there be any question as to the wisdom of the Church in forbidding her members to attend spiritistic séances? And is it not a duty of good sense as well as religion to let it alone? Seeing its ruinous effects and anti-christian tendency, what use should we have for it no matter whether it come from the deceit of man or devil?

Christ came that we may have the truth and that the truth may abound in us. Having received those truths which it has pleased God to manifest to us through His Divine Son, abounding in truth through the infallible guide that same Divine Son established and left behind Him on earth, we have no need of dancing furniture, automatic guitars, and wet brushes to inform us of the other world, what to do in order to go to heaven, what to expect when we get there, and what awaits us if we do not get there.

With each number of THE GRAIL notes have been added to the narration of Mr. Trevono. In these notes stress has been laid on the possibility of human trick-

ery. Such stress was put because of the fact that such trickery actually takes place, and is practiced so universally in séances that many students of spiritistic phenomena claim that the whole content of their productions is either downright humbug or due to the action of natural powers as yet not understood by man. It seems, however, that we must hold that in some cases at least the devil is on hand and helping the cause along. If he is there in some cases he may, for all we know, be there in others. St. Peter tells us that the devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Then surely he will not fail to pay at least occasional visits to those places where the doors are wide open to him, where the mind is made passive, the will laid aside for the purpose of aiding the occult; if satan does not seize upon such chances he has lost the cunning he manifested when he seduced a noble creature fresh from the hand of her creator. The devil hates God's Church and belief in revealed religion. Into that church he has brought schisms, he has brought heresy. The faith remaining in the heretical bodies he has weakened, warped and colored, and finally shrivelled to dust, preparing thereby the heyday of materialism: nothing is but what can be touched, seen and heard, weighed in the physicist's scale. A delightful teaching flattering to men's passions! But the heart of man remains the same and this novelty having run its course with the passing of its novelty, the old, old longing for the unseen again began to beat in the breast of man. Therefore a new religion was got ready by the archliar, one that would dovetail into the scientific groove of *experience* materialism had dug in the human mind, and the spirits began to rap, the tables began to dance, the fire-balls to appear; and men were told that "Christianity has spent its force and now another revelation has succeeded it—a revelation suited to the needs of the time," what was true of old is today no longer true; as fire on the prairie the insanity spread: the "tail (of the dragon) drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and cast them to the earth" (Apoc. 12:4), and behold they were become as gods!

J. S.

### WHY I QUIT

**D**URING all the time that I had attended these spiritualistic meetings I had been a regular church attendant. I had not joined any church and claimed no membership with any. The community was largely Protestant and I myself was reared in a Protestant family. At an early age I had largely through curiosity, attended a High Mass at the local Catholic Church. The local priest was at that time a man who was gifted with a wonderful voice and his intonation of the Mass made a deep

impression upon my boyish imagination. From that time forward I had been a regular attendant at the High Mass on Sunday mornings. In the afternoons and evenings I had always gone to the Protestant churches, usually either the Methodist, Lutheran, or Baptist. I attended none of these churches out of religious fervor or enthusiasm but simply because it gave me a sense of pleasure and satisfaction to attend the services. When the voice in the trumpet assured me that it was a good thing to go to church but wholly unnecessary I was in a frame of mind to accept what he said about it and this he probably knew. For these reasons I cannot attribute my escape from spiritism to any piety or devoutness on my part. It was either a manifestation of God's or the result of an innate caution that prompted me to quit.

My abandonment of the meetings came about in this wise. After the last meeting to which I have referred, I returned to my home a few blocks from Braken's home sometime after midnight. My father and mother and brothers and sisters were all at home at that time and my younger brother who was then a boy about fifteen years old had been finding a great deal of pleasure and amusement in reading a series of blood and thunder novels telling the exploits and extolling the virtues of a certain "Dead Wood Dick." On this night he had left a copy of one of these books, relating the adventures of his hero, lying on the table in the living room. When I lighted the lamp I found this book and not feeling sleepy sat down to read it. Everyone in the house was asleep and the utmost quiet prevailed. Immediately above my chair where I sat reading a mirror hung against the wall. I had read but a short while until I was disturbed by a metallic tapping on the mirror that sounded very much like someone striking it with a nail. I looked at the mirror and seeing nothing thought perhaps there was a draft blowing through the house and was causing the mirror to shake and thus make the noise. I looked at the doors and windows and found they were closed. I then sat down to resume my reading. I had read only a few minutes when this tapping again commenced. As I listened to it the idea occurred to me that perhaps this was some of Braken's spirit friends who had followed me home. I began to ask questions and the tappings began to answer me. Answering my questions by tappings on the mirror I was told that this was the spirit of a friend of mine who had recently died in a neighboring town. That he had been present at Braken's but could not get an opportunity to manifest his presence and he had followed me

home. I asked a number of questions about things that had occurred during the life of this deceased friend and in every instance the answer came promptly and correctly. After a few minutes of this I told this presence to go away and let me alone, that I wanted to read and did not wish to be bothered. It rapped its assent on the mirror and I heard nothing more. I finished my reading and retired.

The next day I saw Dr. Gregson and told him that I was done with Braken and his spirits. He expressed surprise and asked me why. When I told him of my experience, he declared that this was all the more reason why I should continue to attend the meetings. That it was evident that I possessed mediumistic powers and with cultivation would be able to obtain the same spiritual manifestations that Braken did. I told him I did not have any ambition along that line. That I was perfectly willing to talk to the spirits at Braken's and enjoy what they had to say but when it came to having them follow me about and disturb me in my work and rest that was a different matter and I did not intend to lend myself to anything of the kind, and asked him to secure another member for his circle because I did not intend to be present at another meeting. He did not secure another member for his circle but I was as good as my word and never attended another meeting nor have I since that time attempted to encourage the manifestation of this unusual power by their tappings or other similar performances. When I quit, I quit for keeps. Dr. Gregson and his associates continued these meetings at regular intervals during the remainder of the winter and would enthusiastically report to me the many wonderful things that were occurring at the Braken home. The circle was not restricted as closely as it had been during the last few meetings and many people prominent in the life of the town had been in attendance.

#### THE RESULT OF IT ALL

The value of any work should be determined by the result that follows its completion. I am prompted to recite the history of Braken and those intimately connected with him for the benefit of such readers as may wish to speculate or philosophize upon the subject. When the subject of spiritism is discussed and its phenomena excitedly told about, the cold-blooded prosaic individual seeks an answer to Little Peterkin's inquiry, "What was it all about and what good came of it?" My answer can be no more satisfactory than that of old Casper. I do not know that any good ever came of it but it was a "glorious victory" for

those who contend that spirits of some kind actually can communicate with men and women living in the flesh.

As these meetings progressed, Braken's health declined. Dr. Gregson told me that he could not diagnose his trouble and did not know what was the matter with him. He did not become insane but he suffered such a complete and total nervous breakdown that he became a mere physical wreck within a year from the time that he began to hold these meetings. He would ask that these meetings be held long after his physical condition became so feeble that he was scarcely able to move about. He would declare that the spirits who controlled his actions never gave him a moment's peace until he acquiesced in calling these meetings. That huge spirits distinctly visible to him were constantly about his bedside and near him at all times. As his physical conditions became worse, his expressions of fear of these spirits became more and more distressing. As he grew weaker from day to day and it became apparent that he would not survive, Dr. Gregson told me that Braken in the greatest distress of mind would declare to him that huge spirits of evil having all the appearance of devils were about his bedside and were going to carry him away. He would scream and struggle and fight and declare that they were after him and continued in his fear up until the hour of his death which occurred something like a year after he began the holding of these meetings.

Of those who were left behind and who had been regular attendants at the meetings all had become confirmed spiritualists and had abandoned such church affiliations as they formerly had and gave themselves up wholly to the practice of spiritism. Dr. Gregson continued to consult mediums and studied spiritism and to preach his philosophy and attempted to practice it until the day of his death. The other gentlemen who are yet living have each continued in the belief and practice of spiritism. It is not my place to comment upon the spiritual or moral life of anyone connected with this movement. If the practice of spiritism and the impetus given it by Braken's meetings had any effect upon the moral or spiritual life of those who practiced it, it has not been apparent to me. I cannot see that the men who practice spiritism are any worse by reason of its practice. Nor do I see that there has been any improvement. Its effect, at least, has been negative. So far as its effect upon their spiritual life is concerned, it has been ruinous from a Christian standpoint. The culminating effect of spiritism as taught by the voices at Brak-

en's and as reflected by its practice in my observation has been to glorify the physical existence of man and minimize his duty to God. Christian faith is wholly denied and Christian practice is defined by spiritism as being something childlike designed for the consummation of feeble intellects unable to grasp the great truths of spiritism. If Christianity is right and a divinely revealed means of reuniting a sinful world with its Creator, the spiritism taught by Braken's spirit controls and practiced by his followers, is without question a powerful instrument in the hands of the devil for the ruination of the souls of men. My views of life have changed since those days. I have become thoroughly convinced of the divinity of Christianity and the absolutely infallible truth of its teachings. Satisfied as I am that I have found the right way, I am thankful to that divine providence that interposed in my behalf and led me away from the pitfalls into which so many have fallen. The reader may determine for himself whether spirits were present at the Braken home or whether the things I have related were done by trickery. In any event it has not been my purpose in thus writing my experiences to encourage others to attempt to see or hear similar things. I have known those who have seen and heard and those who have not and I have found that those who have not given the subject any thought or any study are in a more peaceful frame of mind, more contented with their lot here and more satisfied with their prospect of happiness hereafter than are those who have studied the subject long and earnestly and sounded its experiences to the limit. I am satisfied that since spiritism has never to my knowledge done anyone any good but has done others harm that, even from a worldly standpoint, without fear of the spiritual consequences involved, the sensible thing for any man to do is to let it alone.

THE END

## Juvenile Delinquency

SISTER LUCILLA JOSEPH

ONE of the most important social questions with which we are confronted is that of the juvenile offender. The delinquent child has been, in recent years, the beneficiary of special legislation throughout nearly all the states of our country. The purpose of the laws is salutary, and the object is to provide the child with an environment such as will save him to the state and society as a useful and law-abiding citizen, and to give him the benefit of an education found in the various states.



Child labor is one of the factors in the production of juvenile delinquents. The child who is sent out at an early age to help earn the family living is stunted in his physical development and in the majority of cases prevents the possibility of any future, but that of unskilled labor for the average child.

From an economic standpoint the family who sends out a ten year old child to work loses a great deal more in actual money from the child's lack of future earning capacity than the child can earn by his youthful efforts.

Again, the child's education is sadly neglected in such cases. His lack of schooling is a dangerous pitfall into which he is often led. The uneducated child is not competent to meet the realities of life in all its vicissitudes, since it is the purpose of education to teach man how he should live as a member of his family and how to regulate his intercourse with his neighbor, so as to render it conformable to Christian virtue and social courtesy.

The early youth of man is the foundation on which rests the whole structure of his existence. If his youth be virtuous, the edifice will be firmly set and we may reasonably expect that his life be both honest and Christian. On the other hand, if the child has grown up without good principles, or what is still worse with wrong or bad principles, we can have little hope for his future. Such we may expect to find in those who are sent out at an early age with little or no education. Can we wonder why there are so many delinquents among this class?

We find another great enemy of the child in the daily newspaper. Many of these papers have the habit of drawing out the misdemeanors of the children as heinous offenses, giving their names, addresses and such details as brand the delinquents in their own eyes and those of their acquaintances as wicked, vicious criminals. The power which these stories have by their suggestion to draw other children into crime is very marked in many cases.

The child thus arrested, knowing that all his friends believe him to be a criminal, will in most cases become discouraged trying to redeem himself in their esteem, and will only tend to increase his vicious habits.

Another evil effect of these stories is that the bad boy is a hero in the eyes of himself and others, and therefore encourages him to a criminal career. It brings the suggestion to other juveniles that they may succeed in forbidden achievements.

The Juvenile Court has been established in nearly all the states of our country. It is the finest, sanest and most hopeful feature of prog-

ress in our criminal legislation for a number of years.

This court tries to save a child from becoming a criminal or from continuing in a career of crime, to end in maturer years in public punishment and disgrace. The legislation provides for the salvation of such a child if its parents or guardian be unable or unwilling to do so.

The Juvenile Court is an explicit acknowledgment of the obligation of the state to throw around the child its aid and protection and to direct it into the path that leads to good citizenship and which will be a help to society rather than a menace.

Our sodalities and the various other societies which are now well organized in most parishes have a wonderful influence on our young people with the heyday of youth coursing in their veins, particularly on those who are no longer attending the parochial school.

The members of the various societies are brought together several times a week, and after holding their regular meeting in which they are reminded by their spiritual director of their duties and obligations as Christians, they spend the remainder of the evening sociably in the recreation hall or gymnasium, where they are free from the inoculation of the poison of liberal ideas and bogus morality.

The young folks look forward to these evenings with much pleasure because they know what a good time is in store for them. They have singing, music, dancing and games, and very often a moving picture show is given them, which is a direct contrast to the cheap tawdry film seen in the public theatres.

All this has a great influence to keep them away from the undesirable dances, shows and the many other vitiating amusements which are so prevalent at the present time and which are the ruination of so many of our young people.

## An Impossible Mission for Protestantism

REV. WILLIAM SCHAEFERS

What now, now that diplomacy has failed?

The answer for Protestantism is: a federation of all churches to play its appointed part as archpeacemaker in the world.

In other words, the idea is to call upon Protestantism to create an effective counterpart to the diplomatic service of the State and Majesty. To prosecute, in addition to its Home and Foreign Missions, an International Mission.

Men have looked in vain to Alliances, to a



League of Nations, to Labor federations, to Social combinations, to bring in the political millenium, for which a solemn calling has gone forth. Protestantism hears the call and, though already sweating to bring about the religious millenium, has assumed another task, to establish the desired political millenium.

Two milleniums! Both are highly improbable, if not actually impossible, knowing as we do how original sin has effected all men.

Protestantism, though a federation of its churches, is to become the world's archpeace-maker! What are the means, the instruments, which this federation of Churches proposes to use in bringing about the reign of the political millenium? Moral and spiritual persuasion. To invoke the Christian spirit, to bring home to the hearts of men the 'unique estimate of the value and purpose of the solidarity and sanctity of human life.' What nonsensical prattle for Protestantism to indulge in, Protestantism which has discarded the Corner Stone, a twenty-century-old creed, sacraments, sacrifice and ritual.

In order to invoke the Christian spirit one must first understand it and possess it. But who, having accepted Luther as his religion and lawgiver, can honestly say he has the *Christian* spirit? Who throwing overboard the sacrament of matrimony can ever hope to instill in the heart of man a respect for things holy? And yet Protestantism proposes to reach out and, besides establishing a religious millenium, inaugurate also a political millenium.

It is ambition gone mad. It illustrates the tyranny of mere idealism. It is a craving for the ideal crucified by religious prophets and adventurers gone mad in their long search for the pot of gold.

But that is ever the way with Protestantism. It rejects the loaf and yet thinks to feast and invites others. It has ever rejected Truth, yet proposes to teach men. It has rejected Divine things and yet, though an utter failure to date in its own sphere, it brazenly and boldly steps forth to establish Peace and Justice in the chancelleries of the world.

True, nations have the right to look to the Church for service in the cause of Peace. But to what Church? The human or the divine? Obviously, to the divine, incomparably the grandest, strongest institution in the world.

What is human is woefully weak. Hence, not to a federation of human institutions should the world look for succor. The Baptist Church is a human institution, therefore, wrong. The Methodist Church is a human institution, therefore, wrong. Each and every one of them is human, therefore, wrong. Hence, any combi-

nation of them is wrong, since the whole is effected by the evils of its constituent parts. In other words, such a combination of churches cannot heal, but must leave unhealed the wounds of the world.

He who would bring the message of Peace must be a messenger of the Author of Peace. The inference is obvious.

The Catholic Church, alone the duly authorized messenger of Christ, is the sole hope of a war-wearied world. But Catholicism is ridiculed, attacked, persecuted. It is stoned. Many snort and howl their derision. But we say, for that matter, any dog can bay at the scarecrow.

Obviously, the paramount need of the world, standing on the edge of bankruptcy, religiously as well as politically, is to have recourse to the treasures of the lasting Bank, the Catholic Church. All else has failed.

## The Certainty of Doubters

H. W. FLANNERY

**B**EFORE I acquired long pants and egoism, I believed implicitly in what I was told, and when I was told apparently conflicting truths I believed him who seemed to have most reason to be right. My method was common and seemingly rational, but when I began to delve into dusty books in the libraries, sinuous heretical theories began to seem plausible, and I was forced to think for myself if my brain was not to remain in a murky muddle.

Doubt is often a great step toward certitude. "There is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds," says Tennyson. I can not take Tennyson's words literally, but I can subscribe to them figuratively, as I believe he meant them. There is more faith in honest doubt than in any blind following of creeds, I take it, he means. No man has a firm faith unless he understands just why he believes as he does.

Of one truth, and that is the most important of all, I can not reasonably doubt. That is of the existence of a Supreme Power, a God. Only the fool can deny that there is a being superior to all others. In every orderly work of nature there is a guiding force, a head. It is only reasonable that all things have a cause, a beginning, and that cause must be God, as we have named Him. And as evolved in a regular order from God comes the Jewish church, the prophecies, their fulfillment and Christ, Christ's founding of a Church and its existence today. All follows in a true, a logical order, and it is all supremely reasonable.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

Because I was not much among Catholics in my earlier life I often tasted a bit of heretical springs. Thrown among those who often upheld different doctrines I imbibed a bit of philosophy, of ethics, of religion, that was not Catholic. I had but tasted and to drink deep it was necessary to learn how Catholicity reasoned. Chapters and books by her writers, talks with her priests, and discussions with friends who knew more than I of the subject and who listened to my heretical ideas in a sensible, calm manner, and spoke on the ideas rationally and reasonably, made my doubts stronger faith, for I knew better why I believed. By combating the tempting inconsistencies, a mighty victory for truth was possible. One who,

"Fought his doubts and gathered strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the sceptres of the mind  
And laid them: thus he came at length  
To find a stronger faith his own."

And I cannot bring myself to believe just because it is the proper thing, as some tell me to do. There are many men who believe it is well to answer arguments by saying that the Church teaches so, it must be true; that Cardinal Newman or another writes so, it must be so. The Church, however, teaches with a reason, and if the argument is good at all we can profit by a knowledge of the reason. Cardinal Newman tells his whys in his admirable *Apologetica Pro Vita Sua*. He was a doubter, a thinker, a believer. At first Newman was not a Catholic, but Newman was a man who sought the truth, and he gained a strong faith because he was reasonable and inquiring.

There are, of course, things that cannot be proven absolutely true or false; they cannot be conclusively proven either way. But there is usually reason to incline to one side or the other. There are things that are beyond our ken, but that is no reason why we should not believe them true. The Trinity is one such. Man cannot conceive of three beings in one, but he can think of the three-leaved clover, with its three that are one. That is about as near as man can come to a conception of the dogma, but it is reasonable to believe it true. There is, none of us sincerely question, a God; in eternity he had a Son, and that Son was God; and in eternity he sent his Spirit, the Holy Ghost. All are the One, but each is separate. To our finite knowledge the infinite sounds confusing but probable and reasonable. Materialists would reject the idea because it cannot be fully proven, although it is reasonable that it be so. They do not believe anything that is not absolutely certain. They, many of

them, even dispute the existence of God, since, they say, we never saw Him nor have any personal proofs that He is. They do not grant that the existence of the stupendous order, the magnificent beauty of the universe, as a proof of God. They say there must be an ultimate cause for the world but they say that cause cannot be, and is not, known. They will not say that the cause must be God, that all things have a beginning and the beginning of it all must be an infinite being, God. They say the contention that God is, must be better proven.

A materialist has not tasted deeply of the Pierian spring. He doubts, I doubt; we both are eternal doubters, but my doubts make me believe stronger because I try to learn and understand both sides. If the materialist would read such works as the questions and answers of St. Thomas Aquinas he might change some of his theories. St. Thomas searched understandingly for the truth, and he found it, and proved it could be only so. There is often virtue in an unshaken, unswerving faith, if the faith is so because it is gained by reason that laid a firm foundation early in life, and gave the believer proofs that downed all wrong considerations; but there is truly the greater virtue, a real worth, in a scrutinizing faith, whereby doubt makes certainty.

If any one of us were to see his own soul immediately after Communion, how amazed and confounded would he not be at the sight of it. He would take it for an angel.—Selected.

A supernatural act of love from a soul in the feeblest state of grace is a grander thing than the discovery of a continent or the influence of a glorious literature.—Father Faber.

## To Francis Thompson

OSCAR H. BAUER

Art's night at last gives way, gain follows loss,  
No more I'll welcome none but aged gold  
Since I elate possess your lucent mint  
That gleams Christ's image, clear and bold,  
Mystic piece of unsurpassed imprint.

Once poor, alas! though rich in counterfeit  
Gained out of all our plenteous modern store,—  
To fill my greatest need too little fit—  
My former dearth still deeply I deplore.

If Heaven cannot be won but for a piece,  
Your lustrous coin holds its sesame;  
Your sun-set heart you made a sacrifice  
And so wrought wealth few could foresee.  
Since from the laurel tree you carved the cross:

## In the Footsteps of His Master

KEVIN J. GUINAGH

ONE torrid day during the month named after the illustrious Roman, Julius Caesar, in the fifth year of the reign of the tyrant Domitian, a solitary figure trudged along the Ap-pian Way, on the outskirts of the city of Rome. Ever and anon he passed his hands across his eyes, as if to shield them from the blinding glare of the sun. Evidently he was on some important mission, for in spite of the heat of the day, he walked briskly.

The artificial grandeur of the scenery that skirted the road was typical of the age in which the wealth of the world poured into the coffers of patrician Rome. Along its entire length, at intervals of a mile or two, there arose the stately villas of these lords of creation, now silent and seemingly deserted in the broiling noon-tide. Their broad pediments and spacious porticos seemed fairly to glow with the intense heat. Not a breath of air stirred the stately olives or the fronds of the imported palms that stood in artistic arrangement around them, as if guarding the sybaritic owners in their mid-day slumber of exhaustion. Back of the villas lay the magnificent gardens; back of these the quarters of the slaves; finally, the well kept vineyards and orchards trailing off into the distance.

But the wayfarer had no eyes for the smiling beauties of villas, lawns, and gardens. Though neither sad or morose in appearance, his mind seemed to be intent upon other matters. Where-ever there was a patch of verdure along his route, he left the baked road that burned through his worn sandals and hastened along on the soft carpet of grass. Upon one of these digressions he suddenly halted. Straining his eyes, he saw two figures on horseback coming toward him. It was clear that they were soldiers of the Emperor, for he could perceive the sheen of their armor as it glistened in the rays of the sun. The traveler seemed momentarily to falter in his course, then looked about quickly to see if anyone had been observing him. Noticing no one, he hastened toward a clump

of bushes and there concealed himself as well as he was able.

On came the defenders of the Empire, splendid specimens of physical manhood, mounted on black chargers and fully equipped for encounter. As they neared the hiding place of the traveler, they dismounted and lay down beneath an olive tree not more than thirty paces from him.

Again the concealed man was in a quandary, not knowing whether he should flee or rest quietly where he lay. A quarter of an hour passed before he could decide. Just as he was about to crawl away, he heard one of the men say:

"Come, Sempronius, we must hasten on or we will not be in time to see the gladiators in the colosseum."

"'Tis a great humiliation for us not to have captured a Christian today," remarked the other rousing himself from a doze.

"Do not despair. We may encounter one before we reach our quarters. May the Gods help us!"

The stranger in the shrubbery crossed himself and sighed.

Presently the horsemen rode off, discussing as they went an incident in the great Roman Amphitheatre when three lions, savage from want of food, were let loose on a crowd of Christian men and women. The narrator laughed as he told of the resigned manner in which these confessors went to meet their death.

When safety had been assured, the traveler rose from the ground and continued his course for some time among the bushes. As the danger of discovery had passed, he again took to the path along the highway. After he had walked for a quarter of an hour, he left the road and journeyed across the fields. Before long he found himself in a vineyard. Here he proceeded with great caution, glancing at intervals toward a villa whence the sound of a lute issued.

Lucretius, the owner of the grounds on

which he trod, had risen from his couch at about the hour when the sun had reached its zenith in the heavens. On the previous evening and late into the morning, his beautiful rustic home had been the scene of one of those orgies which characterized patrician life when Rome was the dissolute mistress of the world. Lucretius had partaken to excess of the rich viands and choice vintage that had been provided for the occasion, and consequently he was surly. As he reclined at table, eating some fruit, his eye wandered into the vineyard. There he noticed someone cautiously advancing through the vines.

"Marcus," he cried in a loud voice.

Instantly the chief steward entered the room.

"Marcus, who is in the vineyard? Bring him hither. I warned the slaves to stay out of the vineyard until I should order them to work there."

Marcus ordered two other servants to seize the intruder. Within a few moments a thin pale man was led into the rustic mansion.

"Master, the servants have apprehended the intruder," announced the steward.

"What?" growled Lucretius.

"Master, the servants have apprehended the stranger in the vineyard," Marcus repeated.

"Well, what of it? Is it not my vineyard?"

"Yes, master, but I thought thou didst desire to have him seized and brought to thee."

"Did I say that?"

"Yes, master."

"Well, I will see him when I have eaten. Bind him to a post in the courtyard. Continue playing, Lucretia."

His daughter touched the strings of her lute and played ever so softly a few introductory chords. Then in a high, tremulous voice she began to sing a pretty lyric from Horace. When she had finished, her father dismissed her and called Marcus.

"Is the captive one of the rabble?" he inquired.

"So it appears, master."

"Appears! Answer, yes or no!"

"He is one of the plebs, master."

"Is he a Christian?"

"I do not know, master," replied the servant.

"Why dost thou not know? Answer me. Is he or is he not? Dost thou spurn me?"

"He is a Christian, master."

"Bring him hither."

In a moment, a man dressed in worn clothes was led before Lucretius. He showed no deference to the wealthy man who had summoned him; nor was he abashed. His dark brown eyes gazed fearlessly at Lucretius, who was slightly discomfited by their cool scrutiny.

"Why art thou so brazen as to stare at me? Dost thou not recognize thine inferiority? Dost thou not know that my influence is great and that I may have thee punished for thine insolence?"

But the stranger was silent. This angered Lucretius all the more.

"Art thou a Roman?" he asked.

"I am," replied the captive.

"Art thou a Christian?" was his next query, for Lucretius thought that if he were a member of the new society which was gaining so rapidly among the slaves, he might punish him on that score and thus gratify the rancor which dwelt in his breast.

"I am," answered the stranger.

"Then, by Bacchus, thou wilt never live to see another sunrise. Leave him in the courtyard till dusk, Marcus, and see that he is securely tied. Procure the scourges and order two slaves to be in readiness to do my bidding."

The captive's face was as impassive as before the cruel decision. A close observer, however, would have noticed that his lips were moving, no doubt in prayer.

"In vain dost thou declare thyself a Roman," continued Lucretius, "if thou art a Christian. But perhaps thou art ready to forswear thine allegiance to this society which continually neglects to honor the gods. Art thou prepared to burn incense before the statue of Jupiter in my beautiful garden?"

"With the help of God, I will never dishonor the one living God by offering incense to your vile deities."

"He has spoken evil things of the omnipotent gods," thundered the now thoroughly irate patrician. "Take him away. He shall burn incense to Jupiter in my garden this evening, or he shall expire in slow torments before the



morrow's sunrise, and his body become food for the birds, Roman or no Roman. He has a few hours to change his mind. See that he is bound securely, Marcus. Be certain of the integrity of the guards, for I have fears that some of my slaves belong to this new superstition and that they may endeavor to free him."

"I will, master."

"Well, go on and do it."

Lucretius then entered his garden and lay down to take his accustomed siesta in a shelter that he had built for that purpose. His garden was a miniature paradise. Whoever had arranged the placing of the foundations, paths, and shrubbery had a sense that was keenly alive to beauty.

When he awoke, the sun was setting. A gentle breeze, laden with fragrance, stirred among the oriental shrubs and ruffled the placid surface of the little artificial lake in the center of which a double-faced Janus stood, continually pouring water into the reservoir from a vase in each hand. Lucretius contemplated the scene with pleasure. Then remembering the captive Christian, he arose and went into the house. Passing through the courtyard, he saw the two guards stationed near him. The latter saluted him respectfully, but the former gave no indication that he had become aware of his presence.

"Has that dog given you any trouble?" asked Lucretius.

"He has not, good master," responded the senior. "He has remained in that position since he was chained to the post."

"'Tis well. He may yet live if he offers incense to the gods. After I have refreshed myself I shall look to the matter."

Lucretius, reclining at table, merely tasted the dainties that had been served him. The gorging of the previous evening had robbed him of his appetite.

"Marcus," he commanded after a short respite, "order the slaves into the garden immediately. I shall show them how I detest this new superstition."

"I will, excellent master. However, I fear that one, old Servius, cannot rise from his couch. He is fast wasting away with fever and will probably die before two hours elapse."

"Servius is a dog. Let him stay in his kennel. He was a most unprofitable servant, and I verily believe he is one of those Christians. He was reported missing without leave twice within the five years I have had him."

The sixty slaves that Lucretius owned were summoned from their duties and ordered into the garden. Lucretius came into this beautiful spot followed by two of his trusted servants. After this trio came the prisoner and the two guards. The old sybarite sat down upon an elevated chair, while the slaves squatted upon the ground. All heard of the captive Christian and the fate that awaited him. Some of the slaves looked forward with great joy to the exhibition of punishment and speculated as to the manner in which the prisoner would receive it, while others, not more than four, looked sorrowful and prayed devoutly that this fellow Christian might die gloriously.

Lucretius explained the capture of the stranger to all present. He told how the rascally stranger had shown no respect to him, a member of the nobility. In consequence of his arrogance and his allegiance to Christianity, he was to be scourged to death. These offenses against the gods and men Lucretius offered to condone so far as he could, if the Christian would burn the incense that had been placed in a tray before Jove's statue.

The crowd shouted its approval.

"Now," continued Lucretius, "I want this to serve as an example for you all. A similar fate awaits any one of you whom I discover to be a member of this pernicious sect that refuses to reverence the gods. Marcus, give a torch to that rascal and command him to set fire to the incense in the tray."

The Christian slaves redoubled their petitions to God that the captive might remain staunch in his allegiance to Christ's Church.

Marcus held out a torch to the prisoner and repeated the command of his master. The Christian bowed his head and spoke with gravity:

"With the help of Jesus Christ, I will never offer incense to idols."

"Here, you fellow, prick the dog in the arm with thy spear," exclaimed Lucretius to one of the attendant soldiers.

The guard obeyed and sent his weapon deep into the left forearm of the Christian. Blood flowed copiously. The face of the sufferer became livid with pain.

"Come!" cried the irritated Lucretius, "take the torch."

"With the help of Jesus Christ I will never offer incense to idols."

"Smite him on the face," ordered Lucretius.

Marcus struck him a blow that would have cast him prostrate upon the ground had not one of the guards sustained him.

"Proffer the torch again."

Blood stained the sufferer's face, and he trembled from the intensity of his pain; yet he again repeated:

"With the help of Jesus Christ I will never offer incense to idols."

Then Lucretius ordered that he should be scourged. Two stalwart slaves had been selected to inflict the punishment by turns, a task that did not at all meet with their approval. They themselves had felt the smart of the same lashes, and they pitied in their hearts this meek stranger whom they were compelled to flog. Yet they did not manifest their displeasure for in that event they would probably experience the misfortune of being whipped themselves.

The scourging lasted for about ten minutes. Then the sufferer fell to the ground unconscious. If he had been of a robust constitution and had received the kind ministrations of those skilled in healing, he might have recovered; but what a fight could such an emaciated body show against the torments inflicted upon him?

Lucretius strode off with a dignified bearing. Behind him followed Marcus and the two guards and lastly the slaves.

When darkness came on, a slave stealthily made his way from the servants' quarters to the place where the helpless Christian lay. Stooping over him he discovered that he still lived. Then he whispered something in his ear to which the dying martyr answered "Yes." The slave then hurried away. A few moments later he returned with another servant. Between them they carried a light cot in which lay the sick slave, Servius. One of them bent over the chained figure and whispered:

"Father, we have brought the sick man, Servius, the man whom you came to prepare for death."

Then the scourged priest from the catacombs heard the slave's confession and with his remaining strength raised his hand and said in the language of Holy Mother the Church:

"I absolve thee from thy sins in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." And then in a whisper he added: "Thank God I found you."

An hour later the body of the martyr was stiff and cold. He had passed into the arms of the Master, in whose wake he had trodden to the very heights of Calvary.

## C. S. M. C. Convention at Dayton

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT C. S. M. C.

St. Meinrad Seminary is looking forward with enthusiasm to the convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade to be held at Dayton, Ohio, on August 18, 19, and 20th. It is in hopes of a large delegation and from all indications the number will reflect the keen interest it feels in the activity of the National Organization. Each Crusader will be on the alert to catch any stray inspirations dropped by the two hundred and fifty Units represented. St. Meinrad Seminary prides itself in being one of the first institutions to affiliate with the Crusade. Contact with the new blood of the Crusade will restore the youthful energy and "pep" with which the new warriors are so abundantly supplied. For this reason the Convention will not only be creative but recuperative in nature. The keynote of this convention will be solidification. Enthusiasm has made us what we are but only wise laws and prudent foresight can place the organization on the basis of which its lofty mission is worthy. Permanency and unity of action will form some of the important questions to be settled at the convention. Last year at the Washington Convention was sounded the clarion call, "Spread." Has anything been accomplished since then? Just listen! Then there were approximately 150 Senior Units with an enrollment of 10,076 and no Junior organizations: now we have 247 Senior Units, 116 Junior Units and a total of 42,395 members. "Spread" hardly does justice to such results. Surely the Holy Ghost is blessing our efforts to realize the aim of the Crusade: "The World for the Sacred Heart."

## Seminary Activities

During the two days of ordinations the St. Meinrad Unit conducted a refreshment stand on the grounds for the convenience of their guests as well as for the

(Continued on page 93)

## Notes of General Interest

### FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—News by parachute is the latest for speed. The news for the *Aerial Mail* is received by wireless, put into type, and printed on airplanes flying between London and Paris. Appropriate editions are dropped by parachute over the different towns.

—A metal lighter than aluminum, yet tough, hard, and able to resist wear, is had in an alloy of ninety per cent magnesium with other metals.

—Milk that keeps fresh for several days in an ordinary room at ordinary temperature is the result of a new sterilization by electricity. A small plant has been in operation for several months in Liverpool, with such satisfactory results that great promises are made for the new method, which is very simple and economical. However, it kills the harmless germs as well as the disease germs,—a questionable advantage.

—Cats, dogs, and other household pets have been found to be carriers of disease germs.

—Some very interesting and successful experiments for the transmission of photographs by wireless have given great promise for the future. The commercial application, however, is still unsuccessful.

—A flashlight holder, attachable to a person's arm, enables the possessor of the flashlight to use both hands.

—A waterproof glue made of blood has been invented by the Forest Products Laboratory.

—"Eat and grow hair," may be the slogan for a new food. If keratin—a substance in the body that forms the chemical basis for hair—is duplicated as far as possible and fed to sheep, their wool will increase. A chemist tried the same food for himself, and found that the hair responded.

—The Bureau of Mines claims that eighty per cent of the gas received in the homes is wasted. How does this happen? In many cooking and heating appliances the position of the gas flame is incorrect. In cooking the point of the flame should touch the pot. An incorrect mixture of gas and air produces a yellow flame of little heat and much waste. A non-luminous blue flame contains the greatest amount of heat.

—Weather forecasts by wireless telephone are now sent daily except Sunday by the Science Department of the St. Louis University.

—The inland lighthouse is the name that may be applied to the unattended type of flashing marine light which is being installed on the road from Mount Vernon to Washington. Dangerous curves, railroad crossings, etc., will be marked, and every second of the night, a small explosion of acetylene from a special tank, will, for a fraction of a second, illuminate the sign.

—Chicken farming by electricity has proved very successful in California. The heat in the incubators is regulated automatically, thus eliminating the danger

of overheating or chilling. One such farm hatches 120,000 chicks a month.

—Fertilizing the air with carbonic acid gas has been found to increase greatly the crop production. Doctor F. Riedel, of Essen, led combustion gases, freed from the sulphur fumes, into a hothouse. Tomatoes planted in the carbonic acid hothouses weighed two and three quarter times as much as those planted in adjoining ordinary hothouses. Experiments in the open produced similar results.

—Eggs are now dipped into boiling oil to keep them fresh. The pores of an eggshell allow the air to enter, and spoilage results, as in the case of an open can of peaches. The oil closes the pores, practically 'canning' the egg.

—Oxygen from a tin can! The Bureau of Mines has developed an emergency supply for miners. Entrapped miners may use a small breathing device which will support life for several hours in spite of deadly choke damp.

—One hundred passengers in an airplane on a transatlantic flight! This is the possibility of an immense Caproni flying machine now being tested in Italy. Nine planes support a sixty-six-foot hull.

—Alcobronze is a new alloy of great promise. Possessing the luster and color of gold, yet stronger, tougher and harder than ordinary bronze, this alloy of copper and aluminum bids fair to have a wide use.

—High pressure has recently been added to the list of germ killers. Milk, when subjected to a pressure of over 100,000 pounds, is thoroughly sterilized, yet retains all its natural flavor. The experiments, though a success in the laboratory, have not yet been applied commercially.

—Are health resorts healthful? The death rate for the native inhabitant is just as high as for other parts of the country. The best climate for general health is now claimed to be one with moderate weather changes, together with a fair degree of cold during a part of the year.

—Moth balls and kindred preparations are of no use in saving gasoline for the automobile, according to the Bureau of Standards. After a series of tests with many of the so-called gas savers, the Bureau found that they had no appreciable effect on the economy of the engine, but that some of them affect the valves by fouling them.

—A three-wheeled tractor, with power applied to all three wheels, has proved itself able to exert a greater pull than its weight. The little machine is said to be very economical in operation.

—Science has been called to the aid of both criminal and crime detector. In the latter respect, Europe is far in advance of the United States. At least four universities have special chairs for the teaching of "Criminalistics." Professor Gross, who founded the



chair of criminalistics in the University of Graz, could look at the footprints of a man and determine whether he had been walking or running, whether he had been carrying a package or not, and even whether he had been suffering from disease.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

### MISSIONS

—The State of California has appropriated \$10,000 towards the restoration of the San Diego Mission, one of the early Franciscan foundations.

—Through his efforts at London Mgr. Francis C. Kelley, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, obtained that the German Sisters who are on the missions in India might remain at their post. The French, however, have expelled from their territories all the German missionaries. Commenting on the German missions, Mgr. Kelley says that they were as ideal as any in the world and as well supported. He calls the action of the Allies on the missions a calamity.

—The Rev. Peter Harrington, of the Irish African Mission Society, has bought a lot with a building, at East St. Louis, where he will establish a mission for colored people.

—The First Catholic American Mission Hospital in China was opened by the Chinese Mission Society at Han Yang in the Province of Hupeh. Dr. Robert F. Francis, of New Orleans, who went to China last December to serve the missions, is in charge. Free treatment is given. Seventy-five patients were treated at the hospital on the first day that its doors were thrown open to the public.

### EUCCHARISTIC

—May 8 was the twentieth anniversary of the night-workers' Mass at 2:30 a. m. on Sundays and Holy Days at St. Andrew's Church, New York. Mgr. Evers, who first obtained this privilege has celebrated practically all the Masses at this hour during 20 years.

—Tyburn Convent, in London, which stands almost on the spot where Blessed Oliver Plunkett and other martyrs shed their blood for the Faith, has perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

—On Sunday night May 1 St. Mary's Church, Belleville, Ill., was damaged by fire to the extent of \$10,000. The altar was burned but the tabernacle, which was encased in iron, was not injured and the Blessed Sacrament remained unharmed.

—Thieves entered St. Athanasius Church, Jesup, Ia., took the monstrance and ciborium from the tabernacle and scattered the consecrated particles over the sanctuary floor. The church was kept locked until a reparation service could be held.

—Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D. D., newly appointed Bishop of Cleveland, who is president and protector of the Priests' Eucharistic League, has issued an announcement that the League will meet at San Francisco on Aug. 10 and 11.

—One of the boldest daylight robberies that has

ever come to our notice occurred recently at St. Ann's Church, Vienna, during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Robbers, who pretended to be authorized to lock the church, ordered the worshipers to leave the sacred edifice. Taking the monstrance down from its place of exposition, they took out the golden lunula which holds the Sacred Host and removed from the monstrance twelve valuable diamonds besides a number of other precious stones.

—A monstrous Corpus Christi procession, the first of its kind at Omaha, was held from the Cathedral on Sunday afternoon within the octave of the feast. "It was the greatest demonstration of unified Catholic activity," says the *True Voice*, "that was ever witnessed by the people of Omaha, and an occasion of credit to Omaha Catholics for their participation in this public demonstration of their belief in the Eucharistic presence. In spite of the extreme heat over 8,000 people paraded, four abreast, six blocks long." The great throng, composed of the various parishes of the city arranged in four divisions, was marshaled in perfect order. Archbishop Harty followed immediately after the Blessed Sacrament. Four altars, at each of which Benediction was given, had been previously erected.—We are glad to note that Corpus Christi processions are being gradually introduced into the cities of our land. This public profession of faith in the Holy Eucharist is an inspiring sight to men and pleasing to the Most High.

### BENEDICTINE

—At Garrison, N. D., on May 10, Rt. Rev. Bishop Wehrle, O. S. B., invested four young ladies with the habit of St. Benedict. After this ceremony His Lordship turned the first spade of dirt for the foundation of the new St. Nicholas Church and School, a two-story building that is to be finished for the opening of the new school year. In the afternoon the new Sisters' Convent was blessed.

—At the General Chapter of the English Benedictines Dr. Joseph Smith, O. S. B., Abbot of Ampleforth, was elected Abbot-President of the Congregation. He succeeds Abbot Butler of Downside Abbey.

—Fathers Charles Rodemeyer, Gilbert Bulfer, and Bernard Zimmer, O. S. B., were ordained to the priesthood at St. Bede's Abbey, Peru, Ill., by Bishop Duane of Peoria. At the Cathedral in Chicago Archbishop Mundelein ordained 22 priest among whom were the Benedictine Fathers Dominick, Bede, Hilary, Clement, and Vincent, of St. Procopius Abbey near Chicago.

—Bishop Spreiter, O. S. B., recently banished by the fate of war from East Africa, has received permission from the Union Government of South Africa to go to the land of the Basutos, whither he went at the end of May.

—Rev. Cornelius, Wittman, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., who was ordained at St. Paul on May 17, 1856, has been a priest for 65 years. Father Cornelius, who will be 93 on October 11, still observes the monastic order of the day to the best of

his ability. Since April 20, 1920, he has been unable to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass because of almost total blindness.

—Quite recently the Holy Father raised St. Peter's Abbey, Muenster, Saskatchewan, Can., to the rank of "nullius." The diocese in which such an independent abbey stands is attached to the abbey and is under the immediate direction of the abbot who is the ordinary with episcopal jurisdiction. The Abbot-Ordinary has the right to confirm in his diocese and to confer Minor Orders on his subjects. In the United States we have only one abbey with the same rank, that at Belmont, N. C. The Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B., who has episcopal consecration, is Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina and Abbot-Ordinary of Belmont Abbey.

#### BENEDICTINE CHRONICLE

Contributed by OMER HILLMAN-MOTT, O. S. B.

—The expatriated Irish Benedictine Nuns of Ypres, Belgium, who in the early days of the Great War found an asylum in county Wexford, Ireland, have recently had the good fortune to purchase the Castle and estate of Kylemore, Connemara, County Galway, which, it has been said, is one of the most beautiful spots in Europe. The Castle and circumjacent lands were the property of the Duke of Manchester. The nuns will open there a school for young Catholic ladies. The *London Mail* says that "The great white fairy castle, as they call it, is a dream—all Connemara marble within, and trees of glowing red fuschias without."

—The Abbey School of Port Augustus Abbey, Inverness-shire, Scotland,—closed during the war period—is again open to students. Dom Anselm Parker, O. S. B., M. A., of Ampleforth Abbey, is Headmaster. Dom Parker has had many years of experience as a teacher, having been attached to the teaching staff of Ampleforth College and, for the last twelve years, he has been Master of Benet Hall, the Ampleforth House of Studies at Oxford University.

—Benedictine endeavor and scholarship is on a high plane even in the distant Philippine Islands where the Collegio de San Bada continues to win for itself new academic laurels. *Los Ecos*, the year-book of the College, give interesting details of Benedictine successes in the Far East, not the least among which may be chronicled the fact that twelve young men received their diploma and the Baccalaureate degree in June of the present year. San Bada has an enrollment of about 500 students.

—In the Province of Albay, P. I., the Benedictine Sisters have recently opened their new Academy under the patronage of Santa Inés. The Chapel and buildings were solemnly blessed by Mgr. MacGinley, Bishop of Naga, on February 22, 1921.

—The ancient monastery of St. Vincent Monforte, Lugo, has been again entrusted to the care of Benedictine monks. The monastery was formerly attached to the Spanish Congregation of St. Benedict of Valladolid.

—The house of preparatory studies opened some years ago by Dom Alvarez, Abbot of San Julián de Samos, has produced great fruit. Realizing the excellence of the idea, the Abbey of the Most Blessed Trinity of New Nursia, Australia, decided to send to Samos a number of students to receive there a classical and monastic education. The great increase in the student personnel in 1920 has given great joy to both communities.

—The Right Rev. Willibrord Benzler, O. S. B., Bishop of Metz, and erst-while Abbot of Maria-Laach, died

on April 16th, 1921. Bishop Benzler was entombed at the Abbey of St. Martin of Beuron, Hohenzollern, Germany, and his body lies near the remains of the venerable founder of the Beuronese Congregation, Dom Maurus Wolter. He was elected first Abbot of Maria-Laach, in the Beuronese union, in 1893; and was elevated to the episcopal dignity in 1901, with jurisdiction over the See of Metz.

—On the Feast of St. Benedict, this year, His Holiness Benedict XV in an Apostolic Letter appointed the Right Rev. Dom Alban Schachleiter, O. S. B., of the Beuronese Congregation, titular Abbot of St. Mary's and St. Martin's Abbey of Spanheim. Abbot Schachleiter not long ago resigned the Abbacy of Emmaus in Prague, Bohemia, whereupon he retired to the Monastery of St. Boniface, Munich, Bavaria. In his Apostolic Letter the Holy Father pays especial tribute to the zealous labors of Abbot Schachleiter, in testimony whereof he therein appoints him titular Abbot of Spanheim. The Abbey of Spanheim was at one time numbered among the greatest monasteries in Germany, and even in the whole world. It was particularly renowned for the sanctity and learning of its monks, and in the heyday of its claustral life it justly vaunted the saintly and scholarly Abbot John Tritheimius to whom monasticism owes so great a debt for the reforms which he introduced in the northern countries in the 16th century.

—At the Benedictine Proto-monastery of Subiaco, Italy, the Feast of Saint Benedict was celebrated with wonted splendor and liturgical perfection. Following traditional custom at Subiaco on our Holy Father's feast-day, a solemn procession is made to the Sacro Speco (Holy Cave) where the silver statue of St. Benedict is reverently enthroned. This ceremony is followed by the ascent to the Grotta dei Patroni where the Abbot crowns with a precious aureole the other statue of Saint Benedict there venerated.

—The Right Rev. Benedict Gariador, O. S. B., Abbot General of the Benedictine Congregation of the Pristine Observance, is at present in the United States. The Abbot spent several days in April at the Benedictine Priory in New York City, after which he proceeded to his destination Sacred Heart Abbey, Oklahoma.

—The Rev. Clement Dupont, O. S. B., of the aforementioned Abbey, sailed during April for his new mission the Syrian Seminary of Mount Olivet, Jerusalem, Palestine, where he will be a member of the Seminary faculty.

—In the April number of the *Catholic Historical Review* there appears a very learned article "The Personality and Character of Gregory VII in Recent Historical Research," by the Rev. Thomas Oestreich, O. S. B., of Belmont Abbey, N. C. The sources and literature on the subject of Hildebrand's life-work in the Papal Court are indeed comprehensive. Father Oestreich reasserts the now prevalent opinion that Hildebrand was never a monk of Cluny, but that in all probability he made his profession at Rome in the Benedictine monastery on the Aventine. The author displays an almost cyclopaedic knowledge of his theme; and the entire paper—which, by the bye, was read some months ago at the first annual meeting of the Catholic Historical Society—is full of poignant interest and a lively discussion of important facts. It is noteworthy that the author's clear, direct style, illumined by a pleasing candor, never yields ground to the smallest gratification of his own whim at the expense of historical truth. The carking theories of a host of the clerisy have been tersely noted and promptly dismissed.



AGNES BROWN HERING

**D**EAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—During the month of July, the month of the Precious Blood, it would be well for you to meditate often on the tremendous price paid for our redemption. Read and consider well that Jesus shed His Blood at the Circumcision, in the garden of Gethsemani, when He was scourged at the pillar, when He was crowned with thorns, on the road to Calvary, when He was nailed to the cross, and when His side was pierced with a lance.

The fruits of His Precious Blood are the ransom of the Church Militant and its nourishment, the solace of the Holy Souls in Purgatory when it is offered up in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and the joy of the Saints in Heaven.

Christians profit by the Precious Blood when they receive sanctifying grace in baptism, when they receive actual grace, when they assist at Mass, and when they gain indulgences. Since our Lord shed His Blood and died for us, we should live for Him. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" of the Precious Blood so freely given for man's redemption.

### A Bountiful Harvest

The harvest moon, a golden disk,  
Smiles on the garnered grain  
Which stands in sheaves, an army vast  
Bivouacking on the plain.

Through clouds of incense, perfume sweet,  
A pure white Host we see.  
No longer is it wheaten bread—  
The God of Hosts is He.

God's wheat elect, the faithful kneel  
Before His golden throne,—  
The harvest of the seed of faith  
That in their hearts was sown.

F. P.

### The Lost Knife

Santa Claus brought Vincent a knife. It was a nice knife too. It had three blades and he could whittle sticks as well as his lead pencils. But one day when he went to play with the Bower children it fell out of his pocket and he could not find it any where. He felt so sorry because a knife was the thing he wanted most of all at Christmas time and when he found it on the tree he was very well satisfied and thought Santa his good friend indeed.

But this is not a story about Christmas. The knife was lost and he could not find it. "Oh, I wish I could find my knife," he sighed for the hundredth time.

"Say, Sonny, why don't you pray to St. Anthony?" suggested his mother.

"St. Anthony? Who is St. Anthony?" he questioned. "Come here and I will show you the picture of St. Anthony. It is on the cover of this magazine that Father George sent us last week. See, he is holding

a little child. St. Anthony loves little children and he obtains from God many favors for those who pray to him to help them. See in the back of this *St. Anthony Messenger* is a column called 'Thanksgivings.' Look at this long list of favors that were granted by praying to St. Anthony. Let us read some of them; for finding money, gold chain, for success in finding work, for recovery from sickness, etc. You see good Catholics pray to St. Anthony for help in everything they need."

"Well, how shall I pray Mother? What shall I say?"

"When Mother taught catechism a long time ago, she knew a little prayer which she gave her class to learn. This is it. 'O dear St. Anthony, you who love little children so much, and are so much loved by them we also are little children, bless us, pray for us and never leave us for one moment of our lives. Please obtain for me the favor I am asking of thee. Amen.'"

"Write it down for me, mother, so I can learn it."

So Vincent learned the little prayer and said it that night. When he woke up the next morning he remembered about St. Anthony and took the paper and said the prayer again. He felt real sure that St. Anthony would help him if he prayed and every few minutes all day long he could be seen with the paper and heard saying the little prayer. The next day he continued to pray as before. In the afternoon the telephone bell rang. Mother answered it. Mrs. Bower who was at the other end of the line said, "Well, you can tell Vincent that we found his knife. I was out looking for eggs and I stepped right on it."

Mother told Vincent who joyfully said, "I knew St. Anthony would find it for me."

### A Fairy Bridal Train

I hear the ripple soft of music sweet  
Of fairy voices in the moonlit glade.  
I smell the subtle perfume that exhales  
From tangled mountain glen and mossy shade.

I see through eyes of fancy, as I gaze  
Upon the wooded banks and dew-decked plain,  
A tiny elfin prince lead forth his bride,  
A fairy princess with her gorgeous train.

Surrounded by the 'people of the woods,'  
The happy pair trip onward through the grass  
That forms above their heads a canopy,  
While glowworms march before to light the pass.

With stately grace two red ants walk behind,—  
Upon their backs the royal crown and ring,—  
Attended by six spider chamberlains,  
Accompanied by the kinsfolk of the king.

Soon lost to view, that merry cavalcade  
Has vanished from my sight, and yet, in vain  
My ear is strained to catch th' entrancing sound  
Of that sweet fairy music once again.

L. Dee.



### Stolen Sweets

Frisky, Chatterbox, and Stubby Tail were three squirrels that lived in the cottonwood tree at the end of the row of cedars. Their nest was high up near the tiptop of the tree. When the wind blew hard it swung like a cradle and was the nicest place to sleep you could imagine. The tree was so tall that no one could see over it. It was the tallest tree on the mill property and was planted years and years ago by the miller's mother. It was so big around that Bobby and Joe and little Sister had to take hold of hands to reach around it.

Frisky was the happiest squirrel of the three. He was always jumping and frolicking about. He would scamper across the lawn, run up the side of a tree, and jump from limb to limb so quickly that you scarce could follow him. Chatterbox was the noisiest of the three. He chattered from morning till night and scolded Frisky for being so frivolous and happy-go-lucky.

Stubby Tail was inclined to be peevish and sullen. He was soured on the whole world and all because he had been so unfortunate as to lose his long bushy tail. It came about in this way. He went into the big mill one day and was helping himself to some nice yellow corn which the miller had spilled on the floor by the feed roll. He was so busy that he was oblivious to all of his surroundings when suddenly he heard a gruff "Bow-wow-wow." He was so frightened that he nearly lost his senses and he turned around three times before he could see the door. It was opened only a little and the hired man was standing back of it, too, but Stubby Tail had no time to waste in deliberation. He made a dash for the opening and got through all right, all but his tail! Slam went the door and his beautiful tail was left behind. Stubby Tail was indeed glad to escape with his life but the loss saddened him and made him very sensitive.

In September the boys' papa said, "Now, boys, I want you to go up into the walnut gulch and pick up all the nuts you can find. School begins next week and if you wait much longer the squirrels will have all the good ones stored away for winter. I'll crank up the car and take you up there and help you get started. When you are through you may come and tell me and I'll come after the nuts."

When Frisky, Chatterbox, and Stubby Tail returned from a chase down by the creek they could hardly believe their eyes to see bushels of nuts lying on the ground by the garden fence. "I see very plainly where our winter's supply of nuts is coming from," said Frisky, and he chattered and frisked about until he nearly lost his balance while Stubby Tail scolded him severely.

"If it wasn't for that yellow pup, I would be perfectly happy," said Chatterbox.

"If he does not see us, Bobby will and he will say 'Sic 'em Ki,' so I do not view the matter with the same optimistic spirit that you do."

The squirrels watched their chance and had great sport in the walnut pile. Frisky was the quickest and brought to the nest the greatest number of nuts. But some of them did not weigh enough to insure their being good and had to be thrown away.

"You must pay more attention to quality and not so much to quantity," scolded Stubby Tail.

One day while the miller was eating dinner he looked out of the window and said, "Well, look at those pesky little squirrels stealing our nuts. They hold them in their paws, turn them over and throw away the bad ones. The first thing we know we'll find our-

selves out of nuts. Guess I'll take Bobby's rifle and scare them a little."

"Bing-bang!" Frisky was so frightened that he went up the nearest tree like a flash. Stubby Tail made a dash for the nest in the tree and Chatterbox scampered across the strawberry bed and up into an elm tree.

That evening when the three were talking over the experience of the afternoon they resolved not to take any more chances. Chatterbox said, "I do not like those nuts anyway. They fell before they were ripe." Frisky was of the opinion that the excitement added quite a little to the pleasure and caused them to appreciate the nuts all the more. But Stubby Tail emphatically declared, "You are free to follow your own desires in this matter, my dears, but as for me, 'Safety First' is my motto. Good night. I am going to bed."

### A Sailor's Prayer

At break of day  
I kneel to pray  
That God may guide  
Me o'er the tide  
Through Mary, Morning Star.

At evensong  
For home I long,  
For mother dear  
And lo! she's here.  
Hail, Mary, Evening Star!

A ray of light  
Shines through the night  
To guide my bark  
O'er sea so dark.  
Sweet Mary, Hope's bright Star.

When life is o'er  
At heaven's door  
With joy I'll greet,  
When there I meet  
'Tis Mary, Ocean's Star.

A. B.

### Letter Box

All communications for the CHILDREN'S CORNER should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

East Brady, Pa.

Dear Agnes Brown Hering:

My mother has been getting the Grail for a good while and I like to read the "Children's Corner." This is the first time I have written to you. I am seven years old but not for much longer for I will be eight on June the nineteenth. I am sending two poems. One is "A Message" and the other is "A Party." I am in the third grade in school. I like reading very much but I like to play too. I liked Gypsy Sue's letter.

Respectfully,

Genevieve of the East.

Your birthday and the editor's fall on the same day. You were eight and so were we.

### A MESSAGE

When the violet peeps out of its bed  
And opens its petals so blue,  
It looks up in the sky and says,  
"I love the sunshine, don't you?"

For it is the one who told me  
That the long winter now is past  
And the time for gathering violets  
And summer is here at last.

Genevieve Blatt, East Brady, Pa.

Albany, N. Y., March 28, 1921.

Editor "The Grail,"  
Dear Sir:

Having seen some jokes in the March issue of "The Grail," thought I would endeavor to write a few.

This happened in our parish school some time ago.  
Monday morning. Sister A speaks to Willie G. Willie did you go to mass yesterday? Willie (hurriedly) yes sister I was late for nine and I went to eight o'clock mass.

The woman from Illinois that fasted for thirty eight days seems to me to have made her husband rich instead of making him religious.

Some of my school mates dislike to see their names in print—unless they are in large letters.

A sign like this appeared in the entrance to a basement restaurant. "Have a cup of coffee, and roll down stairs."

Hoping that the above meets with your approval, and that I may have a chance to write again, I am

Sincerely,  
J. F. R.

Many of us see too much of the seamy side of life and need to laugh oftener. Jokes are appreciated.

Mt. Healthy, Ohio, May 5, 1921.

My Dear Agnes Brown Hering:—

Here is a country letter from a country girl. I have been reading the "Corner" in the Grail for months and months and I think that it shows that it has a very good editor. I have read the letters in the "Corner" and have had an irresistible desire to write one myself.

I am thirteen years old, a freshman in High School, and Horrors, a tomboy. I iceskate, roller skate, ride a bicycle, play ball and swim. But Gypsy Sue and I are kindred spirits, we both love to read. I do think that Gypsy Sue wrote the quaintest letter and hope she will write another. I agree with her that girls with similar tastes ought to become acquainted. I hope to correspond with some of the writers through the Grail.

I do not expect this letter to be published because there will be so many more interesting than mine, but if it isn't wont you please regard it as a personal letter from a hope-to-be-friend? It would please me so.

Respectfully Yours,  
ETHEL HONNERT.

P. S. Do not misjudge me because I say I am a tomboy. It is only my love of nature and action that keeps me out in the open. E. H.

(Address) R. R. 16, Mt. Healthy, Ohio.

Glad you can use the typewriter. Come again.

Conneaut, Ohio, May 17, 1921.

Dearest "Corner Readers":

Top o' the morning to you, Comrades!

Wasn't it sweet of A. B. H. to publish my letter? What! You don't recognize my cheerful voice? Why, I'm just Gypsy Sue, coming to bore you again.

Ah, these languid spring days! Don't they play the mischief with one though! I feel so dreamy and yet so restless. Spring Fever, you say? What a relief! I was often tempted to believe it was merely laziness.

Listen well, for I am whispering softly. Our town is a pretty place, a population of perhaps twelve thousand. It has the largest Iron Ore Docks, and but few factories so naturally is a clean town. Right on Lake Erie! I love the lake.

About three hundred feet back of our home we have a swamp, or the "Good-Luck Valley" as we call it. You go down to it by a path that twists and turns and wriggles and squirms about several hills—"The Winding Path of Destiny" our fertile brain has named it.

("Our" means my four brothers and I.) You pass our "Pirates Den" which is an old log cabin. Maybe you stop and peer cautiously and curiously inside. The swamp has lovely violets in it in Spring and on the whole is a beautiful solitary retreat where one can dream to their heart's content.

No doubt you will think I am just a dreamy girl. Well, so I am. But there is a serious side to me also. Dear friends, I have a little sister who is ill. She hasn't walked for about a year and a half. She's just seven, and such a sweet, patient little thing! Her name is "Rosanna." Won't you say a little prayer for her before retiring at night? Ask dear God to make her well if it be His Will,

Thank you!

Most affectionately,  
Gypsy Sue.

There's a dear little cottage at the edge of the lane,  
Where the lilacs bloom each spring.  
It's a peaceful place where love does reign  
To gather the fruit that hope will bring.

Simple faith is the foundation rare,  
Of the dwellers strong and true,  
Loving trust in the Infinite's care,  
Thoughtful kindness in whatever they do.

God bless the inmates of the cottage in the lane,  
Their trust in Him will guide them far,  
Let Love their ruler always reign,  
Let hope remain their guiding star. G. S.

Memories sweet, memories vague,  
Filling my heart with mystic charm.  
Softly coming, gently going,  
Shielding my thoughts from harm. G. S.

A charming letter, G. S. We like your style.

### Spring Tithes

King Winter's fingers loose their icy hold  
On strangled nature's throat and ebbing life  
Returns in haste. Hyemal strife  
With Springtime's serried ranks lulls, wanes, grows cold  
On battlefields a hundred centuries old.  
Aphasic brooks gain speech, Apollo's knife  
Frees mute creation's tongue, and grandly rife  
With vernal chants grow dormant heath and wold.

Caloric spites o'errun earth's face and wake  
The buds, arouse the larve and chrysalid,  
Excite the torpid saurian cased in sand,  
Call Flora's embryos to life, then break  
The coma of men's hearts and boldly bid  
God's tithes of praise be paid throughout Spring-land.

LAWRENCE J. REIFSTECK,  
2109 Elm Street, Dubuque, Ia.

### Out of the Mouths of Babes

A little Negro boy, accompanied by his brother,—so one of our missionaries tells us,—went to some of the Sisters to get some hosts.

"Let me see them," said the little Negro lad.

"Look, but do not touch them," he was told.

The little lad, not heeding the admonition of his older brother, eagerly seized one of the hosts and kissed it with great emotion.

"Why, it is only bread!" remonstrated the older boy.  
"I know that! But tomorrow at Mass it will be our Lord, and He will find my kiss when He comes."  
—The Negro Child.

## Spiritual Courtesy

(Continued from page 72)

from us the debt due from a fellow sinner who is unable to himself merit the discharge, and would otherwise have to stay in bonds until the Justice of God was satisfied?

Not only does God accept our payment, but He Himself provides us with the means of rendering it. We, you and I, may share in a manner the vicarious work of Christ Jesus, and pay the price of another's indebtedness. Do not then let us be so churlish, either through indifference or thoughtlessness, as to ignore the means He so abundantly provides for canceling our abysmal defalcations. Every indulgence we gain is an act of courtesy to our Divine Master, Who asks us to unite with Him in the work of the eternal salvation of mankind. The treasury is open for us to help ourselves. He supplies the gift, ours is the credit of giving. Spiritual good breeding demands our assent and acceptance of His boundless generosity.

## Seminary Activities

(Continued from page 86)

purpose of swelling the treasury of the Unit. A net profit of fifty dollars was realized bringing our total income for the year to five hundred dollars. Four hundred of this has found its way to China, Africa, and to missions in the South, South West, and Western part of our own country. The good which it will bear will not be known in full till the book of time is spread open before us when time is no more. The letters we have received from some of our missionary friends who have been recipients of small donations have more than compensated us for the sweat and toil of paper bailing whereby we realized most of this money. From several years' experience in this sort of enterprise we feel in a position to say to our fellow Units that it is a safe venture and good exercise. We hope that others may have the same success in this work that we have enjoyed and that it may be a means of furthering the glorious work of spreading the gospel.

## Convention of Catholic Central Society

The convention of the Central Society to be held at Fort Wayne, Indiana, August 7th to 10th, promises to be the most successful and best attended in the history of this National Catholic Organization.

Fort Wayne, the convention city is of easy access to all parts of the country, being situated practically in the center of population. A full quota of delegates and a large concourse of convention visitors, including

prominent ecclesiastics, priests and laymen, will journey to the Hoosier City.

The business sessions of the Convention will take place in the spacious and well equipped St. Peter's Auditorium. These sessions will extend over a period of four days, one day longer than in previous years. The large amount of important business to be transacted demands this additional time.

The Central Society has always been vitally interested in collecting and disseminating data and articles based on Catholic principles pertaining to economic and sociological questions which are of particular import today.

The excellent work accomplished by the Central Society in the past is evidenced by the erection of the Leo House at New York City for the care of immigrants and the establishment of the Central Bureau at St. Louis.

## From Abbey and Seminary

—On the occasion of the annual ordinations we were glad to welcome some 51 priests, mostly of the junior clergy and alumni of the Seminary. Among those from afar were Rev. Edwin Kassens, O. S. B., pastor at Kelly, Kan., and Rev. Francis Taton, class of '89, chaplain of the National Military Home, near Leavenworth, Kan. The latter had been on a visit to his old home in Perry County.

—Conventual Requiem after Prime is a new feature for our observance. By the present arrangement of the "ordo" we shall have an occasional Requiem at 7:30 followed by Tierce and Sext. The first of these occurred on May 23.

—A heavy storm that set in during Mass on Corpus Christi prevented the customary out-of-doors procession, which was postponed to the following Sunday. At the "Gloria" of the Mass old Jupiter, through envy, no doubt, that mortals had been rash enough to enter his sacred precincts, horrors! a thing the ancients dared not do, and boldly take therefrom for profane use the guarded secret of his power, to light their lamps and cook their food and move their swiftly gliding trains, in the fury of his rage hurled a mighty thunderbolt at an unoffending dynamo. The object of his anger was attained and may his wrath be now appeased! A burnout resulted and we were left in semi-darkness akin to early nightfall. The great organ, whose lifeblood is the heaven-born mystic fluid, lay shrouded in twilight and silence. After a short delay, however, a smaller dynamo was coaxed into activity and the organ's drooping spirits revived but the melancholy lamps refused in part to shine. We shall thus have to be content with fewer lamps and less material light until repairs are made.

—The County Commissioners, who were here recently to look over the proposed rock road to Dale, appeared to favor the project.

—Father Lambert's mother, Mrs. Frank Enslinger, accompanied by Miss Emma Nirmaier, both of New Albany, spent Corpus Christi with us.

—The students had their annual picnic and frolic on June 1. As in the past the day was spent on Monte Casino where refreshments, dinner, and supper were served in unlimited quantities to satiate capacious appetites.

—Exams are a season for mental gymnastics, without dumb bells, trapeze, or other contraptions. June 9, 11, and 15 were devoted to the orals in the Theological Seminary, while the remaining days were employed in the written. In the Preparatory Seminary the written were held on June 7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, and 15. Oral accounts were rendered on the 10th, 16th, and 17th.



—On the day following his First Holy Mass Father Matthew was stricken down with pneumonia and was threatened with diphtheria too, but this the physician was happily able to ward off. We are glad to state that the patient is recovering nicely from his illness.

—On June 10 Mr. Lawrence Durbin of Second Theology was called to the bedside of his father who was critically ill.

—St. Anthony's Church, Evansville, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its consecration simultaneously with its patron feast on June 13. Fathers Augustine and Lawrence, both from that parish, were in attendance, as well as Fathers Matthew, Riebhenthaler, and Ziemer, who have likewise gone forth from St. Anthony's. A large number of neighboring priests were also present. Rt. Rev. Bishop Chartrand preached the festive sermon.

—June fourteenth, the day on which Rt. Rev. E. B. Ledvina, an alumnus of the Seminary, was consecrated at St. Mary-of-the-Woods Bishop of Corpus Christi, was a red-letter day for us. Bishop Chartrand, the consecrator, is also an alumnus. St. Meinrad was represented at the ceremonies by the Rt. Rev. Abbot, Fathers Prior and Dominic, at one time professors of His Lordship, Father Albert, rector of the Seminary, Fathers Bede, Basil, Simon, Andrew, Chrysostom, Philip, Columban, Hilary and Stephen.

—On Wednesday afternoon, June 15, the Fifth Class served a farewell luncheon to their professors and fellow students.

—At 4 a. m. on June 18 the Seminary was all astir. Why so "bright" and early before the sun had risen? It was the dawn of vacation and all must bestir themselves to meet the morning trains.

—Rev. Joseph A. Suelzer, class of '18, has been appointed first resident pastor of St. Mary's Church, Kouts, Ind., with two dependent missions.

—Rev. Gustave Hottenrott, class of '96, pastor of Earl Park, Ind., celebrated his silver jubilee on June 9. Rev. Frank Wolf, of the same class, had his celebration on May 30 at Troy, Ind., where he is pastor.

—Rev. George Eckart, class of '95, has just completed at Topeka, Kan., a \$110,000 church and school building in honor of the Sacred Heart.

—After a brief vacation Rev. Lawrence FitzSimon was given temporary charge of Moulton, Texas, a parish of some 300 German and Bohemian families. Word comes from Illinois that Rev. Bernard Kunkel is assistant at Breese.

#### ORDINATIONS AND FIRST MASSES

The ordinations, as we announced last month, took place on May 17. Most of the young priests offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the first time on the Sunday following, which was May 22.

Rev. Joseph G. Tribble, however, celebrated on May 19 at Haubstadt, Ind. Rev. N. J. Forve, the pastor, was assistant priest; Rev. Joseph Kempf officiated as deacon; Rev. Placidus Kempf, O. S. B., subdeacon; Fathers George Pohl and John Dudine, masters of ceremonies; Rev. Michael Seter preached.

Rev. Francis Hagedorn, who received Holy Orders at Kansas City, Mo., on May 15, Pentecost Sunday, was the first of the class to be ordained. On Pentecost Monday he offered up his First Holy Mass in the college chapel at Conception, Mo., where he made his classics. The First Solemn Mass was celebrated at Pierce City, Mo., on May 22. Rev. Peter Kluck, class of '11, was assistant priest and Rev. Isidore Diebold, O. S. B., both children of the parish, was deacon; Rev. Fidelis Goetz, O. S. B., subdeacon; Father Paul, O. S. B., preached.

Rev. Charles Busald, St. Philip Neri Church, Indianapolis; Rev. Albert Busald, cousin of the celebrant, assistant priest and preacher; Rev. Raymond Stoll, deacon; Rev. William Keefe, subdeacon; Joseph Busald, of the Preparatory Seminary, brother of the celebrant, master of ceremonies.

Rev. Albert V. Deery, 8 a. m., St. Joseph's Church, Indianapolis. Rev. Paul Deery, brother of the celebrant, assistant priest; Rev. Henry Dugan, deacon; Rev. Charles Walsh, subdeacon; Rev. Joseph Kempf, master of ceremonies; Rev. Francis B. Dowd, pastor, preached.

Rev. John J. Doyle, 10 a. m., St. Joseph's Church, Indianapolis; Rev. Michael Shea, assistant priest; Rev. Edward Bockhold, deacon; Rev. Joseph Kempf, subdeacon; Rev. Francis B. Dowd, pastor, preached.

Rev. Leonard Wernsing, Holy Cross Church, Indianapolis. Rev. John Schenk, assistant priest; Rev. August Fussenegger, deacon; Rev. Urban Sonderman, subdeacon; Messrs. Joseph Duffy and John Geran, of the Theological Seminary, masters of ceremonies; Rev. Joseph Byrne, pastor, preached.

Rev. James Higdon, St. Lawrence, Ky. Rev. George Niehaus, pastor, assistant priest and preacher; Rev. Charles Dudine, O. S. B., deacon; Rev. Joseph McAleer, subdeacon; Br. Justin, C. F. X., brother of the celebrant, master of ceremonies.

Rev. John Murtaugh, St. Ann's Church, Terre Haute, Ind. Rev. Francis Ryves, assistant priest; Rev. Aloysius Duffy, deacon; Rev. Herman Kasper, subdeacon; Rev. John Rodutskey, master of ceremonies; Rev. John Ryves, pastor, preached.

Rev. Lawrence FitzSimon, Castroville, Texas. Rev. A. Heckman, pastor, assistant priest; Rev. J. Michel, O. M. I., deacon; Rev. W. E. Lang, O. M. I., subdeacon; Rev. Charles Durbin, O. M. I., master of ceremonies; Very Rev. James H. Quinn preached.

Rev. J. Fintan Walker, Loogootee, Ind. Rev. Joseph Gerdon, pastor, assistant priest; Rev. Elmer J. Ritter, deacon; Rev. Pierce Dixon, subdeacon; Fathers Joseph Clancy and Louis Becher, masters of ceremonies; Rev. John Gallagher preached.

Rev. Stephen Thuis, O. S. B., St. Francis Xavier Church, Vincennes. Rev. Columban Thuis, O. S. B., brother of the celebrant, assistant priest; Rev. Hilary DeJean, O. S. B., deacon; Rev. Meinrad Hoffman, O. S. B., subdeacon; Rev. Raymond Mellen and Fr. Vincent Thuis, O. S. B., brother of the celebrant, masters of ceremonies; Rev. Lambert Enslinger, O. S. B., preached.

Rev. Matthew Preske, O. S. B., St. Anthony's Church, Evansville. Rev. Kilian Schott, pastor, assistant priest and preacher; Rev. Carl Riebhenthaler, deacon; Rev. Augustine Haberkorn, O. S. B., subdeacon; Rev. Andrew Bastnagel, master of ceremonies; Aloysius Preske, of the Preparatory Seminary, brother of the celebrant, thurifer.

Rev. Bernard Kunkel was ordained at Belleville on May 29 by Bishop Althoff. Two days later he offered up his First Holy Mass at Carlyle, Ill. Rev. John Bruns, pastor, was assistant priest; Rev. Edmund Niess, deacon; Mr. Frantz Hodapp, of the Theological Seminary, subdeacon; Rev. Nicholas Dietrich, master of ceremonies; Fr. Gregory Kunkel, O. S. B., of Second Philosophy, and Mr. Paul Kunkel, of the Preparatory Seminary, both brothers of the celebrant, acolytes; Rev. Dominic Barthel, O. S. B., preached.

Rev. Francis Dombrowsky will be ordained at Wichita on June 29 and will offer up his First Mass on July 7.

May the good Lord bestow His choicest blessings on the newly ordained and through them bring His vineyard to a high degree of culture!

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